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How Jack Hart Won His Company.

(By E. C. Rundle Woolcock, Author of 'The Bible Punchers,' 'Two Artillerymen,' Etc.)

The sun almost rained down heat on the soldiers as they turned out into the square for 'squad drill,' and grumbles were many and

KIRKHAM SEIZED HART'S LEGS AND PULLED HIM PROSTRATE.

various as, obeying the orders—'Right-turn—two—left-turn—two— right-about-turn—two-three,' and so on, which were roared at them by the N.C.O., the men went through the turnings. They hated the whole business of drill; they always felt they were, in reality, machines, not men, when they were ordered about in this 'tommy-rot' style. If they could only get out of England and do something for the old country's honor, fight some battle, or show the 'heathens' what stuff they were made of, then soldiering would be all right—but this everlasting drill. Oh! bother that sergeant! they'd like to make him remember he didn't always wear a bit of gold lace, and to call back to his memory the days when he was going through the turnings; perhaps he'd be a bit less hard then. And what was the good of it, after all?

Private Jack Hart was perhaps the only man on the square who was not grumbling inwardly, and he had other things to occupy his mind. Only yesterday he had really turned to the right-about and set his face heavenwards. One verse kept beating itself into his brain, mixing itself up with the words of the sergeant's orders, 'The people that do know their God shall be strong and do exploits.'

He wanted to know God, he wanted to do exploits, but he felt perfectly certain he never should do either the one or the other. As for knowing God, he meant to try very hard towards that end. But exploits!—that was quite another matter. He felt he should never get beyond the drill in the army of the King of kings; it would be always right-turn—left-turn, etc., to end in 'squad front'—nothing to show for it all.

There had been a regular sensation last night, when some men had returned to barracks with the news that Jack Hart, the hero of the canteen, had gone religious! They had turned in with him to a meeting, just for a lark; but they found the lark didn't sing at all. 'It was just touch-and-go with Jack; he'd got the straight tip, he thought, and on my honor, if he didn't stand up to be prayed for—prayed for, mind you—in front of all of us! So we left him and came off.'

'Right you were!' one or two men said at once, and they set about preparing for Jack's reception. When he came back from the meeting, No. 4 barrack-room meant to have a good time, and Private Jack Hart was to 'get it hot'; they meant 'to knock it out of him,' regardless of the fact that men reap as they sow. Surely if any deserve a future life of misery, those do who, not content with setting their faces dead against God and the right, willingly become the devil's tools themselves, and act as Satan's recruiting-sergeants, by doing their utmost to ruin their comrades, and never repent?

But the fun did not come off. Jack Hart entered the room very late, and 'lights out' sounded whilst he stood hesitating as to whether he should show his colors, and stick to them now or not; and until he did hold up the colors, the men felt they could take no action. So Hart prayed in his cot that night, and felt like a coward when he overheard his comrades muttering, 'Knew he wouldn't dare.' 'Pooh! he's ashamed of his colors.' 'Well, I didn't think he'd show the white feather, anyhow.'

Private Hart lay awake for some time, thinking, and thinking hard, too. Supposing he did take his stand openly in sight of his comrades, would he be able to remain on the ground? could he live up to it? Under ordinary circumstances he was not a coward, but he knew he was one now, although it was not persecution he dreaded so much as the fear that he should retreat, or be beaten back. He was not a talkative fellow, but he could sing and joke, and was a good hand at cricket. His position amongst his comrades was secure; they liked him and they liked his voice; he was always willing to 'give them a song.' Must he give all this up? could he do so? Could he not just quietly go on living up to it, saying nothing and doing nothing to draw their attention until he felt more certain of his footing? Satan, having gained a point the night before, was not going to retreat, and

'I SAY, HART, WHO'S YOUR CAPTAIN?'

Hart never recognized the Tempter urging him to extreme caution when he resolved to be careful.

Reveille sounded! Now, when the men's eyes were on him, Jack felt weaker than ever; 'he could pray without being seen, couldn't he?' The thought no sooner entered his brain than he acted upon it. One or two of his

comrades looked at him curiously as he dressed and prepared for the daily routine. They expected better things of him; Kirkham muttered something about 'funking it,' and the words caused the color to deepen in Jack Hart's face, but he said and did nothing; only when squad drill came, and he was going through the turnings, he felt himself to be the biggest coward in the service and the most miserable man in the regiment.

The day wore on, and somehow or other Hart found himself for a few minutes alone in his room; he seized his kit Bible, opened it at random, and his eyes fell on 'Stand fast, therefore, in the liberty wherewith Christ hath made us free.' The words came to him as a command; the instinct of a soldier taught him to obey, and leave consequences to take care of themselves. This was just what he needed, and he braced himself at once to obey orders.

Barrock-room No. 4 looked rather like the enemy's ground when the men came into it. It was known to be the worst in the barrack; Hart was the youngest man who stopped in the room, and his company was reckoned to be the worst in the regiment. He knew what he had to face; but there was 'the order'; it was clear and distinct. There was no question now of shirking or hiding his colors. 'Stand fast!' Well, he must do just that!

The men were absolutely uproarious! The special meetings down at the Soldiers' Home gave them plenty to talk about, and they were ridiculing the whole thing, when Jack dropped down on his knees by the side of his cot to pray, and his face was as white as a sheet. Even then he feared lest he should retreat, lest he should never live up to it.

The men in the front ranks are those who kneel to fight; it takes a man to kneel to pray in a barrack-room.

Suddenly there was a lull in the hubbub of conversation. Jim Kirkham, the bully of the room, had been keeping Hart under close observation, and it was his finger which pointed out to the others the position of affairs. The men gazed in silence for a moment, and then it was Kirkham's voice which issued orders.

'I say, here's a go—the young un is really turning saint; he'll be giving us psalms and hymns in the canteen next; hand us that boot.'

With a straight aim the boot was flung, and it gave the youth on his knees a nasty cut across the head; a selection of accoutrements followed. None of them, or scarcely any missed their mark; and presently by Hart's side lay a motley collection of boots, belts, caps, etc., and a kit Bible.

'I knelt on,' Hart said afterwards, 'although I did not pray; I couldn't. But I knelt on until the Lord gave me strength to get up and face them quietly. You can't pray at first, when things are coming at you like hailstones, and you can't pray much when there's a row going on all round, until you get accustomed to it; all you can do, sometimes, is to show them you can keep your ground, and God kept me to that. But you can't think how I wanted to get up and fight them; I'm pretty good at that'—and Jack pulled up his sleeve, and showed a biceps of which any soldier might be proud. 'But I think it was seeing the Bible lying where it had fallen, after it struck me, that put me on my mettle and made me speak, and tell them what I meant to do. I felt strong with that book in my hand.'

The petty persecution went on daily for some time; pay was deducted for a missing cap and belt, which Hart felt certain Kirkham had taken; but the 'blue light' steadily shone. The 'living up to it' seemed to exasperate his comrades, who persistently worked on for the wages of sin.

A respite came at last! Creeping up behind him one night as he was praying, Kirkham seized Hart's legs and pulled him prostrate to the ground; then they were frightened. It was no use mincing matters; Jack was seriously injured, and had to be taken to hospital. 'He and Kirkham were fighting,' was the tale the men told, but no one believed them, and the truth leaked out somehow, whilst Jack was gone sick, that he had not been treated fairly in barrack-room No. 4; and the men said, when he came out of hospital, that 'Hart was really an awfully good fellow, on the whole, and that his religion had made him even brighter and happier looking than he had been before; he wasn't a hypocrite, anyhow, and a "chest-thumper" like him was worth having in the regiment. Anyway, Kirkham had better mind what he was about, or they'd let him see he couldn't just do as he liked to Hart in barrack-room No. 4.'

And so it came about, that when Jack Hart returned to his own place, he found he was left alone. Active persecution had ceased altogether—his steadfastness had worn that out—but the scoff and the sneer were still in evidence, and very hard to bear at times; occasionally, however, an oath would be stopped 'half-way' by a man, when he saw 'the blue light' bearing down upon him. And by the majority of his comaades Hart was really thoroughly respected. 'Hart doesn't kick up no fuss, and he doesn't make no pretence, he doesn't; but you just feel he's there, and you don't let out like you used to do, when he's about, that's all,' was the verdict of one of Hart's comrades.

But this was not all, for long. Hart had sown the seed, and presently it began to grow, and was ripe for harvest. In this case the sower was also the reaper.

One day, coming suddenly into barrack-room No. 4, Jack found half-a-dozen of his comrades gathered around Kirkham's cot, and Kirkham himself pronouncing definite opinions.

'I tell you what it is, you fellows, the young un's been a Bible to me. I never read mine, you know; but I shan't forget how he looked when he took the one I'd flung at him up in his hands, and told us where he meant to take his stand, and why. It didn't have much effect on me then; but I've never forgot it, and it's haunted me ever since. No, I don't read my Bible—it's there when kits are shown and that's all as I've used it for, as you know; but look here, you chaps! I've been reading him; I have read him, and he'll stand it; he's through and through alike. And I tell you what, there must be something in religion to keep him standing fast like he does. And I, for one, would like to have it. Didn't he know as I've took most of the things he's lost and had to pay for? and yet, if ever I wanted anything particular, or in a hurry, I'll tell you, there must be something in religion like he's got, and I'm going to try to get it. So now!'

'Hus—s—sh! here he comes,' said one or two of the men, as they caught sight of Hart standing by his cot at the other end of the room.

'I mean to go at it now, then,' said Kirkham, and immediately called out, 'I say, Hart, who's your captain?'

'Same as yours,' laughed Jack; 'what's taken you?'

'Oh, yes, I know, but I don't mean him,' began Kirkham, and hesitated, not quite knowing how to put his question after all.

But another voice broke in.

'See here,' this other man said, 'the truth is, we've been watching you, and we see you're out-and-out the best man among us; we've heard of religion, but we see it in you. Yours is the right thing, and there's no mistake about it. You call your captain Jesus, don't you? Well, we want to know how we can join his company and serve Him too.'

* * * *

Tramp, tramp, down the corridor and into barrack-room No. 4, walked a goodly number of its occupants; in fact, a big majority of the soldiers stopping in the room had come together now, and as some stood as if glued to the floor, others looked over their heads.

'I say!' one of those in the foreground called out, 'Jack's got up a prayer-meetin'! Here's a lively go, you chaps—and—well—I—well—I never did—if Kirkham isn't the leader himself!'—the last words coming out in a regular rush, following on an awful pause which succeeded the announcement of this discovery.

Then, amid dead silence, another soldier called out, 'Off with your caps, you fellows, and let's join them!'

The order was instantly obeyed, and as the men pressed into the room and moved on towards Kirkham's cot, they all saw the seven men on their knees praying, and Jack Hart with his gloriously happy face looking as if he had just peeped into heaven. One by one the newcomers knelt down around the original seven, and rose from their knees better men for their action.

That same evening the news had flown all over the barracks, that 'Kirkham had gone mad, and followed Hart's example, and that the men in No. 4 had all copied him and gone religious.'

'It's what my mother used to call a revival,' said a soldier, stopping in No. 3, when he heard about the affair, 'and I shouldn't wonder if it doesn't spread to us.'

And it did spread. Kirkham and nine others joined Hart's company on the prayer-meeting night, and immediately set to work recruiting—with big results.

Some few weeks after, when the captain of C company was asked what had taken his men, and why it had suddenly changed from the worst into decidedly the best company in the regiment, he was at no loss for the answer.

'I'm not a Christian, you know,' he said, 'I never have gone in for that; but if anything could make me, a look at barrack-rooms No. 3 and 4 would do it. You know what my men were; you have just quoted public opinion. "The Saints," as they are called now, would probably answer your question better than I can. But it is all owing to one man—a young fellow—just an ordinary private soldier, young Hart, who got converted, as they called it, down at the Soldiers' Home, and stuck to his colors. He had it hot at first from the rest of the men. I know that. But he stood fire; and he's done a nobler work, to my thinking, than if he had taken a city. He has won his company over to the side of God and the right, and changed the character of the regiment.'

* * * *

Kirkham, with Bible in hand, sat turning over its leaves, and Hart sat by his side, on the evening of the day when the captain of C company had given his opinion of affairs.

They had been sitting in silence for some time, when the older man, laying one hand on the younger man's shoulder, pointed with the other hand to a verse, and Hart read:

'The people that do know their God shall be strong and do exploits.'

'For "people" read "Private Jack Hart,"' Kirkham said very quietly, as he shut the book and moved towards the door, leaving Jack to his own devices.

But at the door Kirkham turned. 'It's the quiet living up to it, not the shouting and talking as 'as done it, Jack. It was just your standing fast—and knowing—the Captain—as 'as turned into exploits; and don't you forget it.'

And Jack said, 'Thank the Lord!' in his heart.

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BOYS AND GIRLS

The Praise Meeting of the Flowers.

The flowers of many climates,
That bloom all season through,
Met in a stately garden,
Bright with the morning dew.

For praise and loving worship,
The Lord they came to meet;
Her box of precious ointment,
The Rose brake at His feet.

The Passion Flower, His symbols
Wore fondly on her breast;
She spoke of self-denial
As what might please Him best.

The Morning Glories fragile,
Like infants soon to go,
Had dainty, toy-like trumpets,
And praised the Master so.

'Thy Word is like to honey,'
The Clover testified;
'And all who Trust Thy promise
Shall in Thy love abide.'

The Lilies said, 'O, trust Him!
We neither toil nor spin;
And yet His house of beauty,
See how we enter in!'

The King-Cup and her kindred
Said, 'Let us all be glad;
Of His redundant sunshine,
Behold, how we are clad!'

'And let us follow Jesus,'
The Star of Bethlehem said,
And all the band of flowers
Bent down with reverent head.

The glad Sunflower answered,
And little Daisies bright,
And all the cousin Asters,
'We follow toward the light!'

'We praise Him for the mountains,'
The Alpine Roses cried;
'We bless Him for the valleys,'
The Violets replied.

'We praise Him,' said the Air Plants,
For breath we never lack;
'And for the rocks we praise Him,'
The Lichens answered back.

'We praise Him for the waters,'
The salt Sea Moses sighed;
And all the baptized Lilies,
'Amen! Amen!' replied.

'And for the cool, green woodlands,
We praise and thanks return,'
Said Kalmias and Abeleas,
And graceful Feathery Fern.

'And for the wealth of gardens,
And all the gardener thinks,'
Said Roses and Camelias,
And all the sweet-breathed Pinks,

'Hozanna in the highest!'
The baby Bluets sang.
And little trembling Harebells,
With softest music rang.

The winter hath been bitter,
But sunshine follows storm;
Thanks for His loving-kindness,
The earth's great heart is warm.

So sang the Pilgrim's Mayflower,
That cometh after snow,
The humblest and the sweetest
Of all the flowers that grow.

'Thank God for every weather,
The sunshine and the wet,'
Spake out the cheering Pansies,
And darling Mignonette.

The glad, warm sun descended,
The heavens were all aglow;
The little Morning Glories
Had faded long ago.

And now the bright day Lilies,
Their love-watch ceased to keep;
'He giveth,' said the Poppies,
'To His beloved sleep.'

The gray of evening deepened,
The soft wind stirred the corn,
When, sudden, in the garden,
Another flower was born.

It was the Evening Primrose;
Her sisters followed fast;
With perfumed lips they whispered,
'Thank God for night at last.'

—Anon.

Rufeil Haddad: A Story of Syrian Life.

(Alfreda Post Carhart, in the 'American Messenger.')

(The great peak of Hermon rose grim and solitary over a scene of sunset glory. At its feet lay the whole land of Syria, like a picture in relief, its parallel chains of mountains mere seams upon the landscape.

Rufeil Haddad, alone upon the black summit, looked down upon the scene as on a world apart from himself, whose pettiness no longer appealed to him. His face was turned to the west, where stretched the great sea, covered now by a still more wondrous ocean of cloud, which rolled billow after billow down to the horizon. The sunset rays streamed over the vast expanse, in burning tints of red and gold. 'A sea of glass mingled with fire,' murmured Rufeil to himself.

The cloud-billows rolled on till they touched the peaks of Lebanon, pouring over them like a cataract; but here a marvellous change took place. The hot dry air of the Bakaa plain, rising, met the overflowing cataract and dissipated it, and the torrent rolled into nothingness.

Rufeil followed the sweep of the horizon, past the faint green patches that marked the sites of Damascus and far distant desert towns, to the great eastern plain, stretching in opal tints, with its extinct volcanic craters outlined against their own black shadows like mountains that one sees upon the surface of the moon. Across the plain stretched a black mysterious shape, strangely clear in its conical form, the shadow of Hermon itself. Rufeil watched it as it lengthened, drawing into its grasp more and more of the plain, till it reached the eastern horizon; then like a living creature, it leaped into the sky, ever rising, dark and ominous against the clouds, till it was absorbed in the surrounding darkness.

Rufeil leaned forward upon his hand, so intent on the scene that he did not notice until they were close upon him the figures of three armed men approaching him from three directions. In an instant his dreamy look was gone, and his quick glance upon the intruders told that their object was understood. He picked up three stone chips from the disintegrated rock at his feet, and looked meaningly from one to another of the three men; next he placed the chips upon a rock about fifteen paces away, then stepping back to his first position, lifted his revolver, and without taking appreciable time to aim, blew the chips to pieces in quick succession.

'Mashallah!' exclaimed the head-brigand, admiringly, 'your aim is like the eagle's glance.'

Rufeil could now halloo to his companion, who, hearing the shots, was hastening towards him from the snow-drift below, but before he reached the summit the three robbers had slipped away.

The two young men looked at each other with a sober awe of their own recklessness.

'I suppose you were right,' said Rufeil, 'it was foolish to come alone.'

'Oh, no,' laughed his friend, a little nervously, 'I was the fool; I see now it takes a minister to beat a robber.'

They walked back together to their campfire and passed a peaceful night in the old high place of Baal, the 'Cave of the Winds.' The next day was spent in hunting, as they had planned, and in the afternoon they started down again to their homes. They separated at the valley road, each turning towards his own village.

With the familiar path, Rufeil found himself again resuming the cares and responsibilities of his difficult life. Three years ago, he had met the question that must be answered in these days by every young Syrian of Christian education. Should he leave once for all his old depressing surroundings of fixed custom, throw himself into the wide-awake life of America, with its mental stimulus, its promises and rewards—should not he too, one among the many, have a chance to rise in the world? Or, on the other hand, should he remain where his high ideals might be hardly understood, among a people held down by ignorance and adverse conditions, whose advancement must be gained by infinite patience, yet whom he might help. A question something like this was decided long ago upon the banks of the Nile. The decision with Rufeil had resulted in his coming to an obscure mountain village as a school-master, with a little congregation of rough peasants to preach to on Sundays, and a salary of most humble dimensions.

Rufeil turned the bend that led to his home and was met by the sight of the village in flames! He saw at once what had happened, the unfriendly village across the valley had thus wreaked its spite. He hurried on in wretched self-condemnation for leaving his people even for one holiday. Presently he was met by a group of horsemen.

'Ishlah! Disarm!' they cried.

There was no use resisting, Rufeil gave up his arms and what little money he carried.

'Now walk ahead of us,' ordered one.

Rufeil saw that he must obey and started back on his path. He walked half a mile or more, constantly looking back to see what his captors were about. Suddenly, he saw them aim their guns upon him. There was not a moment to lose; he leaped the precipice and fell heavily upon the ground below.

'He is dead,' said one, 'we need not waste fire upon him.'

They rode on, while Rufeil became conscious of his injuries. There was a sharp pain in his side, another in his leg, he could not move; then he lost himself again.

He woke up to find a rough face bending over him, full of anxiety; he had seen the face before, though he could not remember where.

'A lad who can shoot like you will not be left to die, while Nimr has breath,' said the rough man kindly.

Rufeil recognized him now as the robber chief who had attacked him on Hermon.

'I am going to carry you to your home, said Nimr. 'The pillagers have left the town.'

He lifted Rufeil upon his back. Every motion caused the injured man agony, but he did not show it. The long climb was accomplished with much difficulty and suffering to both, and the smouldering village, now seemingly deserted, was reached.

The enemy had set fire to the booths of leaves which formed the entrance to most of the houses, and these had communicated the fire to the roofs; the stone and mud walls remained, blackened and bare.

With almost despairing hope, Rufeil directed his bearer to his own house, only to find it in ruins like the rest. But the church which adjoined it, with its tiled roof, stook uninjured. Its door was locked as usual.

'Would you hunt under the embers of my house for the keys?' asked Rufeil.

'Shame on my beard if I cannot do that!' answered the robber, laying him down.

Rufeil directed him where to look and, without shrinking, the man stepped among the burning ruins. He returned soon with the three great keys. He threw them down quickly, rubbing his hands on the earth. Rufeil could see, even in the faint light, that both hands and feet were severely burned.

'The Lord reward you,' he murmured.

When the keys were cool enough to handle, Nimr tried the lock with one after another, without success; the heat had warped them out of shape.

'You will have to break down the door,' said Rufeil, wearily.

'And leave the way open for your enemies? Never, by my girdle!'.

He again took up the first key that he had tried. Raising it solemnly before him, he re-

peated, 'Bism Illah! In the name of God!' then fitted it into the key-hole.

The door opened! The church was a simple stone room, fitted with rude benches and pulpit. Nimr groped his way in, spread his own goat hair coat upon the floor for a bed, and carefully laid Rufeil upon it, lifting the young man's head upon his own lap for a pillow. In spite of all Rufeil's entreaties, he sat up with him thus the whole night.

In the early morning, the villagers began creeping back to their ruined homes. It became noised about that the preacher was lying wounded in the church, and Rufeil was soon surrounded by sympathetic friends, all anxious to do him service.

'What he needs is a doctor,' said one, 'but who of us would dare go over the mountains for him at this time, with our enemies hunting the highroads for us?'

'I will go,' said Nimr, 'no one will dare touch me. I will have the doctor here before night.' Then a quizzical look came over his face. 'I suppose the doctor will not trust himself to me, you had better give me a paper.'

Rufeil scratched off a few lines with difficulty. Nimr folded the paper into a tight roll and slipped it into the hollow of his cane stick. He smiled for the first time.

'They may search me now if they like, they will never guess my errand.'

He was gone all day, while the people gave Rufeil the best of what little remained to them. By night the doctor arrived, with his strange brigand guide. He was an old friend of Rufeil's; not many years before, they had studied together in the school at Sidon. The broken leg was set and the bruised limbs made more comfortable, then came the inevitable treatment of a multitude of ailments that suddenly manifest themselves in a crowd at the appearance of a doctor. He left the next morning with the blessings of the village upon his head.

During the long convalescence which followed, Nimr would never leave his patient. When fever was upon Rufeil, he would bathe his head, and with gruff insistence would keep away the ever-solicitous crowd of friends. Sometimes he would sit, with Rufeil's head again upon his lap, gazing with awe upon the painted letters on the wall.

'What do they mean?' he asked, one day. Rufeil read them aloud—the Lord's Prayer and the Ten Commandments.

'Is that your religion?' asked Nimr.

'It is the key to it,' answered Rufeil.

'Wallah! it is a strange doctrine,' said the robber. 'The Bedouins, who brought me up, taught me that the noblest aim in the world was to kill and rob and swear by God's name, and never to forgive a trespass?'

Rufeil turned and raised himself upon his elbow in his earnestness. 'Nimr, have you nothing to be forgiven?'

From that time till Rufeil recovered, he used to read daily to Nimr from the great Bible which lay on the pulpit, doctrines at first distasteful and incomprehensible to the hardened robber, explaining them till they became to him at first familiar, and finally beautiful.

The bright day came for Rufeil's return to the house which had been rebuilt for him. But to Nimr the day brought only the deepest gloom. Before light, he rose from his mat at Rufeil's side and bent over him with a father's tenderness, kissing him first on one cheek, then on the other, without a word. An hour later, when the joyous people met, Nimr was gone.

He was seldom seen again among the villages, only it became a well-known fact that he robbed no more. Hunting or carrying messages through dangerous parts of the country became his chief employment. Several times a year the dark man would suddenly appear among Rufeil's little congregation. Seating himself upon the floor, cross-legged, with folded arms, he would listen with face intent upon the young preacher; when the service was over he would go, often without a word.

If ever it happened that any of Rufeil's people were robbed by other brigands upon the highroads, word had but to be sent to Nimr, and the goods were always restored.

As for Rufeil himself, no man of rank in the region could as safely go and come as he, however wild the district; for among brigands and villagers alike he was known and honored as Nimr's preacher.

Keep It Wholly.

A little girl was trying to learn the Ten Commandments. Her mother told her to shut the Bible and write them from memory. She brought the result of her effort for inspection, and, lo, she had written the Fourth Commandment: 'Remember the Sabbath day to keep it wholly.'

The mother said: 'Why don't you know how to spell better than that? The word is not "wholly," but "holy."'

The good grandmother, who was sitting by, said: 'Maybe the child hasn't really made a mistake after all. At least her idea of holy is preferable to that of many who think that they keep the Sabbath if they go to church in the morning, and then feast, or lounge about, or visit, or go riding, or read the secular papers the rest of the day. They don't seem to understand that when God said, "keep it holy," he meant the whole of it.'

When I went home I examined my Webster's Unabridged, and learned that the two words, 'holy,' and 'wholly,' came from the same Anglo-Saxon root, which is 'hol,' the whole. The radical idea of holiness is completeness, wholesomeness. A man is whole, physically, when he is in perfect health, obeying all the natural laws under which he lives. And a man is whole, or holy, spiritually, when he is conformed in his character and life to the higher law—the law which God has revealed for the soul.

Being interested in this matter, I asked a Hebrew scholar what was the primary meaning of the word translated 'holy' in the Fourth Commandment, and his answer showed that the little girl was not far wrong when she wrote the words, 'Remember the Sabbath day, to keep it wholly.'—Selected.

Sir Patrick Spens.

(Grace Greenwood, in the 'Union Gospel News.')

In the royal palace, in Dunfermlinetown, King Alexander the Third, an ancient Scottish monarch, sat at the banquet table, with his queen and courtiers, drinking rich, red wine, and eating luscious fruit. A proud earl, at his right hand, was humbly waiting on him; the young sons of great lords were acting as pages and cup-bearers; a famous minstrel stood ready with his lute to sing a splendid ode in praise of his mightiness; and doubtless the old king's heart would have swelled with pride, and danced with pleasant jollity, on the occasion, had it not been that as he looked about him his eyes fell on no noble prince or fair princess to rule in his place, and wear his crown, when he should be called to go 'the way of all the earth,' kings not excepted.

Alexander had no living children, and the heir to his throne was his grandchild, the young daughter of the King of Norway. Somehow this day he felt more than ever before a longing to see this little princess; and as he had just had a fine new ship built, he resolved to send for her at once. So, looking round at his courtiers, he asked, 'Can any of you tell me where I can get a skilful skipper to sail this new ship of mine?'

One of the knights who sat at the right of the king answered, that, in his opinion, Sir Patrick Spens was the best sailor that ever sailed the sea.

Now, it was the winter time, a very dangerous season for navigation in those northern seas; but the king was not going to sail himself; and kings are not apt to make much account of the lives of even the best of their subjects. So Alexander at once called for pen, ink, and paper, and wrote a letter with his own royal hand, and sealed it with his big royal seal, commanding Sir Patrick Spens to make the voyage to Norway, and bring home King Eric's daughter, without loss of time.

This letter was brought to Sir Patrick when he was walking on the strand, thinking over his perilous voyages, and thanking Heaven that he was to be safe on land for two good months, or more. When he opened the letter, and glanced at the grand signature, he laughed a glad, proud laugh, lifted his head high, and stepped haughtily, as a correspondent of kings should; but before he had read all, the bitter tears almost blinded his eyes, and he exclaimed, 'O! who has done this unfriendly deed? Who has put it into the rash old king's head to send me out to sea, at this blustering time of year? Be it wind, or rain, or hail, or sleet, we must sail the foam; for this daughter of the King of Norway must, at all hazards, be brought to Dunfermline, to sit on her grandpa's knee, and learn how to govern us unruly Scots.'

But though Sir Patrick murmured a little, he obeyed, like a loyal subject and sensible man; for he knew he could not help himself, and he preferred the chance of drowning to the certainty of losing his head. So, on the next Wednesday, he set sail, with a gay company of noble Scots, whom the king sent as an escort for the princess, his granddaughter.

The weather proved fair, and they landed in Norway on Monday, and presented themselves at court without delay.

They found the princess a very little girl indeed, whom it seemed a pity to take away from her nurse, her dolls, and pets, and carry over the wintry sea, to a strange country.

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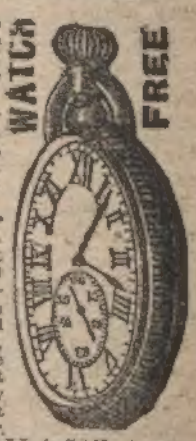

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King Eric probably treated his guests politely, invited them to dinner, once or twice, got up a famous hunting party for them, and kept all the game for his own kitchen—but he certainly did not dispatch business according to Sir Patrick's ideas; for he detained him and the Scottish nobles for a fortnight, and yet the princess and her train were not ready. Then the Norwegian courtiers, who seem to have been a mean, inhospitable set of men, began to say, in the faces of their guests, 'You Scots are overstaying your welcome; you are spending all the gold and silver of our king and queen, and eating and drinking them out of palace and home.'

Then Sir Patrick's blood was up, I can assure you; and, like the rough, honest sailor he was, he told the insolent Norwegians that they lied, and lied again that he and his men had spent their own money, and paid their own way; and that, princess or no princess, he would not stay another hour in such a churlish and shabby court. So he called together the Scottish lords, and commanded his men to hoist sail, and put out to sea directly.

One of the old sailors begged his master to delay a day or two; because the night before he had seen the new moon 'with the old moon in her arms;' and he was sure that a deadly storm was coming up. But Sir Patrick was too angry, and proud to hear to reason; put out to sea he would; and put out to sea he did.

They had not sailed more than three leagues before the sky grew black, and the winds grew loud, and the great waves began to rage and roar about them, and dash over and over the ship.

In the midst of the tempest, Sir Patrick cried, 'Where will I get a man to hold the helm, while I go aloft to see if I can spy land?'

And a brave sailor answered, 'Here am I, ready to take the helm while you climb the topmast; but much I fear, dear master, that you will never more see land.'

Sir Patrick had hardly taken a step when a bolt was wrenched out of the ship's side, and the sea came pouring in.

Then Sir Patrick commanded his men to bring a web of silken cloth from the cabin, and stuff it into the hole in the ship's side. This they did, but still the sea came pouring in. It flooded the rich tapestried cabin; it dashed up over the purple dais, put there for the princess and her maids; it flowed, and foamed, and gushed, and gurgled everywhere, rising higher and higher.

The dainty young lords were loth, at first, to wet their high-heeled silken shoes; but before their trouble was over their velvet hats and gay plumes were quite as badly wet; for they all went down, passengers and crew; and King Alexander's fine new ship was a total loss.

Many were the beautiful court ladies at Dunfermline, who sat with their fans in their hands, and their gold combs in their hair, waiting for their lovers to come back from Norway, but never, never did they see Sir Patrick's ship come sailing to the strand. They longed, and waited, and watched in vain; for, full forty miles off Aberdeen, where the water was fifty fathoms deep, Sir Patrick Spens, a good sailor but a rather too hasty and hot-headed old gentleman—lay at the bottom of the sea,

'With the Scots lords at his feet.'

History tells us that when Alexander of Scotland was killed, by a fall from his horse, this grandchild was declared the rightful heir to his throne; and, though then only eight years old, was sent for, to be made Queen of the Scots. King Edward the First of England, proposed that she should be married to his eldest son; and a most magnificent future seemed opening before her. But, alas! on her voyage across the rough, northern water, the poor little girl fell in with sea-sickness, and, perhaps home-sickness; and though she landed on one of the Orkney islands, she got no better, but grew worse and died.

As for the princess, her death caused great troubles and disputes in Scotland, which finally grew into long and terrible wars. But I doubt not it was better and happier for the child to be so early called away from the perils, and cares, and temptations of royalty, than to have reached Scotland, ascended her grandpapa's throne, held his heavy sceptre in her small, white hand, and worn his great crown on her bonnie little head.

Deborah's Reward.

(Sydney Tremaine, in 'Daybreak.')

'Young man, will you help your elder? Carry this bundle of sticks for me to the top of yonder hill. I am old and weary, and have not strength.'

'What have I to do with an old man like you? Let each carry his own burdens, I say,' responded the youth, sullenly, as he passed on.

'I will carry your bundle if you will let me. I am not very big, but I am stronger than you.'

The speaker was a little girl, fragile and slightly built. She looked at the old man earnestly, and touched the bundle as if to take it from his grasp.

'Thank you, my child,' said the old man, in a softened tone.

The child took the bundle and began to ascend the hill, which was very steep. She bent beneath the heavy burden; yet, she did not grumble, but struggled on to the summit.

Then she looked round to return the bundle to the old man, but he was not there. In his place stood a figure, clothed in robes of shining white, and bearing a star-topped staff. The child gazed in wonder at this unexpected sight. She was not afraid, for the beautiful face disarmed all fears. As she looked, amazed, the wonderful apparition spoke.

'Fear not, little one,' he said, 'For your kindness you shall see a sight which otherwise you never could have looked upon.'

His gentle accents and tender looks gave the child courage.

'Who are you?' she asked, raising her eyes to his face.

'I am a messenger from the King of Light and Love. I took the form of an old man, that I might know who was worthy to see the sight which I am about to show you. Tell me your name, my child.'

'I am Deborah,' answered she, simply. I live in that cottage down there,' and she pointed to one in the valley.

'Deborah,' said the messenger, 'do you see that cloud, near the horizon?'

'Yes.'

'Fix your eyes upon it; watch, and wait.' Deborah did as she was bid, and waited in breathless expectation. The cloud became very bright, as if from the glare of some light behind it, and at last disappeared, revealing a most wonderful sight. It was a city in the sky, dazzling in its brightness. Its walls were of precious stones, and its gates of pearls. At the gates Deborah discerned figures clad in raiment like that of him who stood beside her.

She gazed, enraptured, at the glorious sight, and did not withdraw her eyes until a cloud passed over and hid the city from her view. Then she turned to the messenger, 'What is that city?' she breathed.

'It is the Realm of Light.'

'Such a beautiful, wonderful place! Can I not go to it? Can no one reach it? There is no path to it.'

'There is a path,' returned the messenger, 'although you cannot see it yet. If you try to reach it, and struggle ever towards it, the road will appear as you proceed. The King of Light and Love has sent me to tell about his dominions, and to show glimpses of the Realm of Light.'

'And where is the Realm of Love?' questioned Deborah, 'may we not see it, too?'

'The Realm of Love is in your heart, little one.'

'Let me tell my father and my mother of all that you have shown me and told me,' said the child. 'Can I bring them to see the beautiful city?'

'Go and bring them here, my child,' answered the messenger.

Deborah went down to her home in the valley. She told her parents and brothers the story of the stranger who had talked with her, and of the glimpse she had had of the beautiful city. They heard all in amazement, and went with her to speak to the messenger.

But Deborah's brothers, when they came to ascend the hill, began to make excuses. They said—'She has been dreaming, likely. Why should we weary ourselves climbing this hill when we may get no good by it? Even if the stranger were there before, he will not have stayed so long.' So they turned and went home. But her father and mother commenced the ascent, the child guiding them to the smoothest parts. So they reached the summit of the hill, and there the angel was waiting.

'I have brought my father and my mother,' said the child simply.

Again the beautiful vision appeared in the sky, and disappeared. The messenger told of the King of Light and Love, and of His palaces of crystal.

But the father said—

'It is a vision of sunset clouds; it is not real. There can be no palace so wonderful as that. It is but a chimera.'

And the mother said—

'There is no path leading to it. It is far away from the earth, and not connected with it by any road or ladder.'

The messenger tried in vain to convince the two, but they would not believe. Soon they retraced their steps and returned to their home in the valley. Deborah stayed behind while the messenger spoke to her again:—

'Little one,' said he, 'you alone of all your family can reach this wonderful city, for you alone believe in it. Henceforth you must try to reach it. Day after day you must pursue your journey until you reach the city. Your path will often be rough and stony, but do not turn aside. I give you directions, which, if you read them carefully, will always enable you to keep on the right road. Farewell, little one. We shall meet at the palace of the Great King.'

The messenger put in Deborah's hands a roll of parchment and vanished, leaving her to pursue her way alone. But she never forgot his words, 'You alone of all your family can reach this wonderful city, for you alone believe in it.'

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Principle put to the Test.

A youngster at school, more sedate than the rest,
Had once his integrity put to the test;
His comrades had plotted an orchard to rob,
And asked him to go and assist in the job.

He was very much shocked, and answered, 'Oh, no!
What, rob our poor neighbor! I pray you don't go;
Besides, the man's poor, and his orchard's his bread;
Then think of his children, for they must be fed.'

'You speak very fine, and you look very grave,
But apples we want, and apples we'll have;
If you will go with us, we'll give you a share,
If not, you shall have neither apple nor pear.'

They spoke, and Tom pondered: 'I see they will go;
Poor man! what a pity to injure him so!
Poor man! I would save him his fruit if I could,
But my staying behind will do him no good.

'If this matter depended alone upon me,
His apples might hang till they dropped from the tree;
But since they will take them, I think I'll go too;
He will lose none by me, though I do get a few.'

His scruples thus silenced, Tom felt more at ease,
And went with his comrades the apples to seize;
He blamed and protested, but joined in the plan;
He shared in the plunder, but pitied the man.

Conscience slumbered a while, but soon woke in his breast,
And in language severe the delinquent addressed
'With such empty and selfish pretences away!
By your actions you're judged, be your speech what it may.'

—Jane and Ann Taylor.

Candy or Missions.

(Mrs. N. C. Alger, in the 'Union Gospel News.')

'O Grandma, please tell me what I shall do, for I have joined the new mission band, and we have to pay a whole quarter of a dollar a year. Where do you suppose I shall get it?'

Grandma Wheatley laid down the stocking she was mending, and looked kindly at Katie, the girl who seemed to think twenty-five cents a large sum to send to the heathen. By and by she said slowly, 'Long years ago money was not so easily gotten as it is now. Girls and boys in the town where I lived seldom had any. If we wanted something sweet, there was no candy for us, and I never heard of ice cream. In those days I heard of some young ladies who formed a missionary society, agreeing to meet once a month, and pay one dollar a year. Where the money was coming from not one of them knew, but as Jesus said, "Go, teach all nations," they were going to obey him as far as they could. One was mourning when the day came for their meeting, because she had nothing to give; but when she turned and oiled the great cheeses in the dairy, under the last one lay just the sum wanted, though how it came there was a mystery to the whole family. Another having tried in vain to secure some money, found a quarter under some chips she was picking up in the yard. One did some writing for her father, which he was to have a lawyer do, and, to her surprise, earned her money. But children now have more money. If you will try one month, and then can not get anything to help others to find the Saviour, we will talk it over again.'

Katie went out very slowly, for she knew she often had money to spend, but thought she must have that for candy, and the missionary money she would find somewhere, just as the young ladies did. She could not write well, and did not live on a farm where there were cheeses to turn, but there was the woodshed, and, if that failed, the street. She had heard of people finding money on the sidewalk, so, after filling all the baskets with chips and kicking around in the shed until there was danger that she would ruin her new boots, vainly trying to strike a silver mine, she began to search the streets. Day after day she went along with head bent low, and was nearly thrown down several times by persons who were carrying burdens and did not see her. At last she went to her grandma, saying, 'There, grandma! I have tried hard for a whole month, and not a single quarter can I find.'

'What were you eating as you came in?'

'Candy,' said Katie.

'And how much have you spent for candy this week?' asked grandma.

'Oh, I don't know; three cents to-day, five yesterday, two the day before, and, let me see, ten Monday. Uncle Will gave me fifteen cents and papa ten this week.'

'Katie,' said Grandma Wheatley solemnly, 'are you sure Jesus is pleased with a little girl who could spend twenty-five cents for candy in a short week, yet could not give as much in a whole year to send the story of His love to the heathen, though, she knew there were millions and millions bowing down to wood and stone, knowing nothing of Christ and heaven?'

After Katie left grandma she did a bit of thinking; she saw how very selfish she had been, and we are glad to say she found a way to get her quarter for the missionary work.

'Sing It.'

When I was a little boy I used to play with my brother and sister under the window where mother sat knitting. She rarely looked out, but the moment we got angry she always seemed to know, and her voice would come through the window, saying, 'Sing it, children, sing it.'

Once, I remember, we were playing marbles, and I shouted out to my brother: 'You cheated!' 'I didn't!" 'You did!'

'Sing it, children, sing it!' We were silent. We couldn't sing it. We began to feel ashamed. Then came the sweet voice, the sweetest but one I ever heard, singing to the tune of 'Oh, How I Love Jesus' the words:

O Willie, you cheated!
O Willie, you cheated!
O Willie, you cheated!
But I did not cheat you!

It sounded so ridiculous we all burst out laughing. You cannot sing when you are angry; you cannot sing when you are mean; you cannot sing when you are scared. In other words, you cannot sing unless you feel in some degree faith, or hope, or charity.—William B. Wright, D.D.

Young Crows and Young Children.

(By Charles Wagner.)

It was in a district of fertile Normandy, dotted in the distance with those great screens of trees enclosing farms. Poppies glowed and danced among the green waves of the corn, and in the clover-patches cows browsed around their stakes. In a fallow field, freshly plowed, a flock of crows were fruitfully hunting for eggs of insects and earthworms. They were all very calm and very assiduous, like seekers who forget the rest of the world to devote themselves to a single object.

Among them was one forming an exception. He was a young crow, as his voice, which he was at the moment using, betrayed. With his bill wide open, he was hopping around a stoical old crow, whom his performance seemed to leave decidedly cold. The young one was cawing, fluttering, making a veritable nuisance of himself. Now he was emphatic, imperious, impudent, and again coaxing and plaintive. And his object in all this? His object was simple enough: he was demanding to be fed. He desired his old father to exert himself to find juicy bits, which he, the young one, would swallow at a gulp, and promptly ask for more. He wished to continue the traditions of the nest, in which the little featherless birds expect to be stuffed the whole day long by their parents, with no trouble to themselves but to cry famine! But the old one did not allow himself to be troubled. From time to time, when the scene had prolonged itself unduly, he flew a little farther, and, as he was preparing to rise, one might see that he limped. The latter detail aroused my indignation. So that lazy young thing, fat, full-feathered, strong, proposed to make his infirm father wait upon him? Why did not he sooner forage for two, and feed the one who had so often fed him?

You are thinking, are you not, of the children who resemble that far from interesting fowl? It is but too true, their name is legion, in all classes of society. To live depending solely upon the efforts of father and mother, to make them wait upon one, to allow them to toil for one, is a common practise. Unfortunately the firmness of the old crow is not a common attribute of parents. The crow let his young one squawk, knowing that presently hunger would force him to drop mendicity and hunt for his own food, as crows of his age habitually do. Parents, on the contrary, allow themselves to be moved, and the result is a most wretched state of things, in which they are first accomplices, and later victims. To let an old mother wait upon one at table; to allow her to rise earliest mornings, even when she is infirm; to become so used to receiving attentions one no longer sees that those who proffer them are ailing and more in need of our care than we of theirs,—is the part of shameful ingratitude.

Young reader, my friend, beware of resembling my young crow.

As for the old crow, he is shown in ancient fables receiving many a tough lesson; but I perceived the other day that he can give as good as ever he got,—yes, as good as the best cheese.

Guessing Names.

'I think of a man,' said papa, as the children sat about him in the twilight of the Sabbath eve; 'I think of a man whose name begins with J.'

'Did he lead the children of Israel into Canaan?' asked Ruth.

'No. It was not Joshua.'

'Did he have visions in the Isle of Patmos?' asked Don.

'No. It was not John the Beloved.'

'Did he baptize in the River Jordan?' asked Teddy.

'No. It was not John the Baptist.'

'Did his comrades place their garments under him at the head of the stairs and proclaim him king?' asked mamma.

'No. It was not Jehu.'

'Was he made king at seven years of age?' asked Anna.

'No. It was not Joash.'

'Was he father-in-law to Moses?' asked Ruth.

'No. It was not Jethro.'

'Was he put into a pit where there was mire, but no water?' asked Don.

'Yes. It was Jeremiah,' said papa. 'Now, Don, it is your turn to think.'

'I think of a man,' said Don, slowly, 'whose name begins with A.'

'The brother of Simon Peter?' asked Teddy.

'No. It was not Andrew.'

'Was it the Friend of God?' asked mamma.

'Who was the Friend of God, mamma?' asked Don.

'Abraham was called the Friend of God, because he believed His word.'

'No. It was not Abraham.'

'Was it the first man?' asked Anna.

'No. It was not Adam.'

'Did he die for telling an untruth?' asked papa.

'No. It was not Ananias.'

'Did he take a wedge of gold and a goodly Babylonish garment from Jericho, and hide them under his tent?' asked Ruth.

'Yes. It was Achan,' said Don.—Selected.

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One Way to Make a Living.

The chief industry of Bethlehem of Judea is that of the mother-of-pearl workers.

The shells are brought from the Red Sea, and in the hands of native artisans are polished and carved, the larger into elaborate designs; the smaller are cut up for rosaries and crosses. The work is all done by hand, and the methods are amazingly primitive to a spectator from the home of steam and electric power. But the results are extraordinary. The largest shell we saw was carved in scenes from the Birth of Christ, the Agony in the Garden, and the Crucifixion, and had the general effect of delicate frostwork. Under the magnifying glass every detail was seen to be perfect in outline and in finish. It was executed to order for a wealthy American, and was to cost one hundred and sixty dollars.

About a hundred and fifty people make a living by this industry, which is five hundred years old. In the shops the workmen sit upon the floor, their benches in front of them; the air is full of whitish dust, and the light, admitted by a single window and the open door, so dim that the exquisite tracery of the wrought shells is a mystery even before the visitor notes how few, simple, and crude are the instruments employed.—Marion Harland, in 'Lippincott's.'

Frederick the Great and the Page.

Frederick the Great one day rang his bell several times, and nobody came. He opened the door and found his page asleep in an armchair. Advancing to awake him, he perceived the corner of a note peeping out of his pocket. Curious to know what it was, he took it, and read it. It was a letter from the mother of the youth, thanking him for sending her part of his wages, to relieve her poverty. She concluded by telling him that God would bless him for his good conduct. The king, after having read it, went softly into his room, took a purse of ducats, and slipped it, with the letter, into the pocket of the page. He returned, and rang his bell so loud that the page awoke, and went in. 'Thou hast slept well!' said the king. The page wished to excuse himself, and in his confusion put his hand by chance into his pocket, and felt the purse with astonishment. He drew it out, turned pale, looked at the king, burst into tears, without being able to utter a word. 'What is the matter?' said the king. 'What hast thou?' 'Ah, sire,' replied the youth, falling on his knees 'they wish to ruin me; I do not know how this money came into my pocket.' 'My friend,' said Frederick, 'God often sends us blessings while we are asleep. Send that to thy mother, salute her from me, and say that I will take care of her and thee.'—Selected.

Kindness to a Household of Robins.

James Russell Lowell relates the following personal incident:

I once had a chance to do a kindness to a household of them, which they received with very friendly condescension. I had my eye for some time past upon a nest, and was puzzled by a constant fluttering of what seemed full grown wings in it whenever I drew near. At last I climbed the tree in spite of the angry protests from the old birds against my intrusion. The mystery had a very simple solution. In building the nest, a long piece of pack thread had been somewhat loosely woven in, three of the young had contrived to entangle themselves in it, and had become full grown without being able to launch themselves into the air. One was unharmed, another had so tightly twisted the cord about its shank that one foot was curled up and seemed paralyzed; the third, in his struggles to escape, had sawed through the flesh of the thigh, and so much harmed himself that I thought it humane to put an end to its misery.

When I took out my knife to cut their hempen bonds, the heads of the family seemed to divine my friendly interest. Suddenly ceasing their cries and threats, they perched within reach of my hand and watched me in my work of manumission. This, owing to the fluttering terror of the prisoners, was an affair of some delicacy; but ere long I was rewarded by seeing one of them fly to a neighboring tree, while the cripple, making a parachute of its wings, came lightly to the ground and hopped off as well as he could on one leg, obsequiously waited upon by his elders. A week later I had the satisfaction of meeting him in the pine walk in good spirits, and already so far recovered as to be able to balance himself with the lame foot.

A Bagster Bible Free.

Send three new subscriptions to the 'Northern Messenger' at forty cents each for one year, and receive a nice Bagster Bible, bound in black pebbled cloth with red edges, suitable for Sabbath or Day School.

SEEING IS BELIEVING.

'Seeing is believing' and hundreds of boys—yes, and a good many girls, too—are selling the 'Canadian Pictorial' on its merits to their friends and neighbors, and 'It sells at sight.' Read the large advt. of the 'Pictorial' elsewhere in this paper and be sure you lose no time getting in your order for the December number.

'It is the early bird that catches the worm,' and it is the boys who get their orders filed in advance who have the best chance for a quick sale when they get their copies, and the best chance, also, for a second supply to satisfy their delighted customers. Just see what the boys say for themselves who have handled the past issues, and remember that the Christmas Number will far surpass either of these:

'Those papers sell like wild-fire. I never saw anything go so fast. Everybody likes it.'—James Armitage, W....., Ont. who found his second dozen go even quicker than his first (see below). This lad has thus won his fine watch, and is now free to work for fountain pen or jackknife, or both.

'People buy them as quick as I can hand them out.'—Alexander Sutherland, W....., N.S.

'I received the twelve copies of the 'Canadian Pictorial' and I am delighted with them. I sold four between twelve and one, then went to school and sold six after school. The two remaining I sold easily in fifteen minutes the next day. Please send on another half dozen as I want a fountain pen.'—John W. Weldmark, W..... Ont.

'I received the jack-knife and was much pleased with it.'—Robert Rankin, P....., Ont.

'I received these papers Wednesday, and sold them before I got home from school: please send another dozen as soon as possible.—James Armitage, W....., Ont.

'Received fountain pen safely. Many thanks for same. It is a beauty.'—Clyde Malloch, A....., Ont., another boy who sold eighteen.

'Got your papers to hand Monday night, and went out the next night and sold them all easily, and have customers for more. Please send another dozen as quickly as possible.'—Bruce McLeod, M.....P.E.I.

'Please send the other twelve copies. The others sold great.'—Fred Gibson, A....., Ont.

'I like my watch. It is fine. I would not take $5.00 for it. I have two subscribers, one for the year, and one for three months.'—Willie Beach, S....., Ont.

'I received the watch you sent me all right. I think it is a perfect beauty. I don't see how you can afford to give them.'—Wm. B. Moulton, L....., Ont., who sold twenty-four for his watch, and is now working for a pen.

'The magazines go quickly. I have sold them all. Send on twelve more.'—Gordon C. Dewar, B....., Que.

'I sold all my magazines in about half an hour.'—C. S. Lambly, I....., Que.

BOYS! A Splendid Watch FREE!

Any boy can earn a handsome premium selling the 'Canadian Pictorial'—sell twenty-four copies for a Watch, eighteen for a Fountain Pen, twelve for a Knife—all first-class reliable articles—or he can sell on a cash commission. Send to us for a package, and let us start you in business, with full instructions. No cost or risk to you. Many a wealthy man got his set-out in just such a way as this.

Now, boys, fall in line. This is your chance. Get on our Honor Roll of Successful 'Pictorial' Boys.

Address:—
John Dougall & Son, 'Witness' Block, Montreal, agents for the 'Canadian Pictorial.'

'I think the watch is a dandy, and is running fine, and keeps good time. I thought it would be like most premiums, but I find you give decent premiums, and all substantial, and the watch pleases me greatly.'—Norman B. Patterson, C....., Ont.

'Please forward another half dozen, as I sold my first lot quite easily and have places for the others.'—John Low, U..... Ont.

'I think they are fine papers, and sold very quickly.'—Norman Patterson, C....., Ont. This with first order; see also above.

'I sold the twelve copies of the 'Canadian Pictorial' you sent me; they went like hot cakes. Please send me another half-dozen.'—Miss A. D. Hart, W.....N.S.

'I received the fountain pen, and am well pleased with it.—Theodore Smith, D....., Que., who sold 18 'Pictorials.'

'Sold twelve in an hour and a half.—James Finlay, P....., Ont.

'Send me twelve more as soon as you can. They take very well.'—Robert C. Kingsborough, D....., Ont.

'I have some good customers who watch for the paper and think it is just fine.—Charlie Nelson, O.....Ont.

'Everybody thinks the papers are all right.'—Levi White, T....., Ont.

'I sold the twelve 'Canadian Pictorials' in about three or four hours. I just hitched up the horse last Saturday and went for a drive, then I sold some on the way home, and took them to school and sold the other four. I guess I will take my jack-knife. Well, I am glad I sent for the 'Canadian Pictorial.' A capital example of what a boy in the country can do. —Albert L. Scott, W.....Ont.

There are still many districts where there are no boys at work, and we want to hear from these. We have plenty of premiums arranged for to supply every boy who reads this advertisement. Let us hear from you.

JOHN DOUGALL & SON, 'Witness' Block, Montreal, Agents for the 'Canadian Pictorial.'

Mattie's Missionary Hen.

(Mrs. Susan M. Griffith, in the 'English Presbyterian Messenger for the Children.')

'Father,' said little Mattie Stevens, one day in the early spring time, 'I want a missionary hen; will you give me one?'

'A missionary hen!' echoed Mr. Stevens mischievously, 'what kind of a hen is that? I was not aware that hens ever became missionaries.'

'Oh, father, you know what I mean, well enough. A money hen, of course.'

'A money hen! Worse and worse! I wish I had a lot of such hens. I have heard of a goose that laid golden eggs, but never of a hen made of money; that is a new thing under the sun. What does it look like, daughter? Gold, silver, or copper, which?

'Oh, mother just do listen to father! Isn't he awful? He's tangling my meanings all up. Why, of course, you know, father. I want a hen to lay eggs, so that I can sell them and have money for missions; that's what I mean. Now, do you understand?'

'Oh, yes, certainly; it is all straight now. All right, you may have old Croaker; she has been in the egg business a good while and understands it pretty thoroughly. I advise you to keep an eye upon her, however; she has very decided opinions of her own, and will outwit you if you are not very clever indeed. I believe, unless I am greatly mistaken, that Croaker is far more inclined to contribute to home than foreign missions.'

'Oh, father! As if a hen knew a single thing about the heathen or missionaries. She doesn't know anything but how to lay eggs; but I'll watch her; you'll see!'

Then Mr. Stevens and Mattie went out to the barnyard hand in

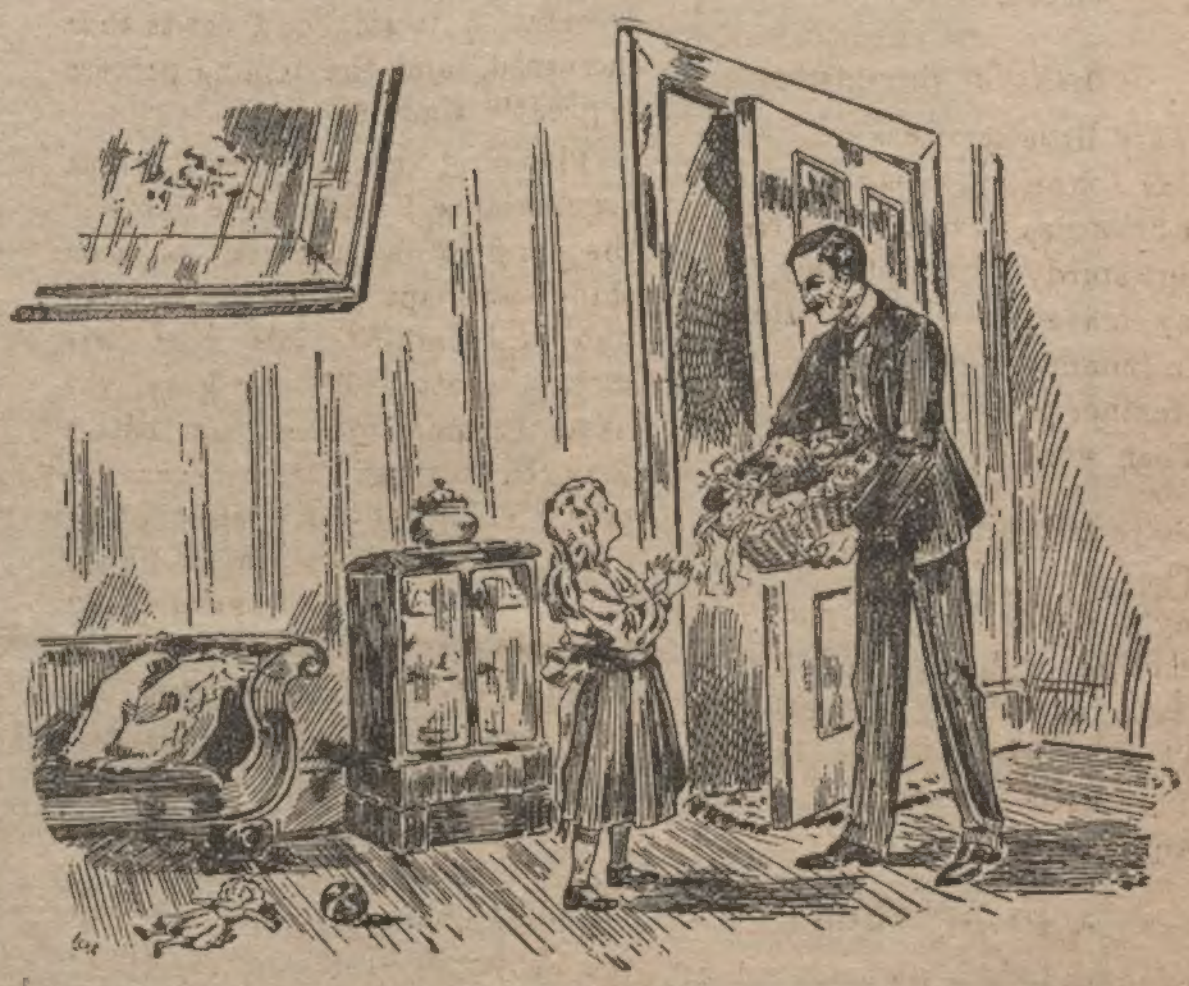
OLD CROAKER IS DULY SET APART.

hand, and old Croaker, a great, white, fluffy Brahma, was duly set apart and dedicated to the cause of missions. Mattie gave her a good talking to upon the subject of honesty and faithful discharge of duty, and tied a red ribbon around her neck as a sort of honorary badge, a proceeding which so alarmed the other fowls as to cause them to flee the field cackling with all their might and main. Mattie then began to make a nest. She got a perfectly new box from the woodhouse, filled it half full of sweet-smelling hay, set it under the big chestnut tree, and carefully planted old Croaker exactly in the middle; but Croaker was not to be dictated to in the least. As soon as Mattie removed her presence from her immediate vicinity, she gravely arose, shook her feathers, stepped out of the 'beautiful nest,' and walked off in search of flies and worms, talking just like this: 'Ka! ka! ka! ka! ka!'

Contrary old hen!

For three whole days Mattie visited that nest under the chestnut tree, each time expecting an egg, but all was 'empty, swept and garnished.' At the end of that time she went pouting to her mother.

'She's no good at all!' she complained angrily. 'She doesn't mean to do one single thing for the heathen. She's a stingy, hateful old thing! She just goes round



OLD CROAKER'S MISSIONARY GIFT.

ka-kaing, and scratching as if she didn't care one bit about anything, and she won't lay even one egg.'

But one day old Croaker stole

away upon a little mission of her own. If Mattie's Cousin Dora had not come to stay a whole month with her just then, she would have missed her; but as it was she was utterly and hopelessly forgotten.

But just a few days before Cousin Dora went away, Mr. Stevens came in bearing a basket with twelve fluffy little puff balls of chicks, and old Croaker in the midst, seated in solemn state.

'Your missionary hen presents you with her gold coin,' he said to Mattie, whose cries of delight at sight of the tiny yellow birds brought the whole family upon the scene.

As for old Croaker, she looked profoundly wise, put her head to one side, and clucked loudly, all of which meant exactly what Mr. Stevens translated out of the hen language, thus:

'I knew what I was about. Twelve eggs would have been a very small offering for such a cause. They would have brought you only one shilling; so I invested in chickens, which, if you will care for properly, will, in time, bring you a shilling a-piece.'

And that is exactly what Mattie made out of her missionary hen that time. Wasn't old Croaker a bird of wisdom?

Johnny's Servants.

Twenty little servants
  Has Johnny, all his own,
Not brownies, elves, nor fairies,
  But sturdy flesh and bone.
They crave in Winter, raiment;
  In Summer they go bare,
No further pay they covet
  Than work and play to share.

They're faithful little servants,
  They never disobey;
They're never rude to Johnny.
  And never in his way.
They do as Johnny bids them;
  They go where Johnny goes;—
His ten little fingers,
  And his ten little toes.

A Polite Child.

This little boy is four years old;
  He has such pretty ways,
And, when he turns to leave the room,
  'Excuse me!' always says.

—'Little Folks.'

My Squirrel Friend.

(Helen M. Richardson, in 'Zion's Herald.')

Have you ever noticed the little cushioned thumbs between which the gray squirrel holds the kernel of the nut which he is eating? If you ever have the good fortune to tame one sufficiently, watch him while he is eating the nut which you have cracked for him.

He first seizes it in two monkey-like claws so many jointed that he can twist them into almost any shape while extracting the kernal. When a piece of meat escapes from the shell, notice how quickly it is grasped between the two padded joints which serve the squirrel as thumbs. Between these soft cushions he holds the dislodged nut-meat, at the same time firmly clutching the shell, to make sure of any more food which it may contain.

Gray squirrels are very easily tamed, patience, kindness, and nuts being the chief requisites. As all squirrels are in the habit of punching an uncracked nut into the ground for future use, if they do not happen to be particularly hungry, I have learned that more pleasure is gained from their company by cracking the nut before presenting it to them. The temptation to stop and eat is thus increased, and the taming process is greatly simplified.

The first gray squirrel whose acquaintance I made came to me in the form of a surprise, as good things are apt to come. I called him 'Silverskin.' His coat was such a pretty, silvery gray, the name seemed to suit him better than any other. And then his tail! The first time that I saw him, he stood beneath it like a monk saying his prayers. His forepaws met upon his breast in an attitude of supplication, and his large eyes looked appealingly into mine.

I had no idea, then, that I could tame him. He was merely a chance acquaintance, such as I am frequently making among the little wild people of the forest. I might never see him again, but I stopped to admire him and to speak a gentle word. After our first encounter, however, we were continually running across each other, and I soon found that, if I desired the companionship of my little friend, I must make it worth his while to stay with me. So I got in the habit of holding a cracked nut in a motionless hand for a bait. It was as alluring to the squirrel as a piece of cheese is to a hungry mouse. A dart—and the nut changed owners.

After a while I ventured to hold one a little beyond his reach, still keeping my hand motionless. Slowly, cautiously, with much writhing of the body and twitching of the bushy tail, the squirrel approached, put two monkey-like claws in my hand, and reached up for the nut.

He soon grew perfectly fearless, and would sit as confidingly upon my knee as if it had been the limb of a tree. He always kept me in full view, however, and always faced me while eating.

Before the summer was over I could call him to me as easily as though he had been a dog; and often, when I have been asleep in my hammock, I have been awakened by a quick jerk at the rope, to encounter the large brown eyes of my little friend fastened intently upon me. He would then begin a systematic search from hands to feet for the nuts which he seldom failed to find.

A Mother's Song.

Good-night, and wings of angels
  Beat around your little bed,
And all white hopes and holy
  Be on your golden head!

You know not why I love you,
  You little lips that kiss,
But, if you should remember,
  Remember me with this:

He said that the longest journey
  Was all on the road to rest;
He said the children's wisdom
  Was the wisest and the best.

He said there was joy and sorrow
  Far more than the tear; in mirth,
And he knew there was God in heaven
  Because there was love on earth.

—Selected.

Sample Copies.

Any subscriber who would like to have specimen copies of the 'Northern Messenger' sent to friends can send the names with addresses and we will be pleased to supply them, free of cost. Sample copies of the 'Witness' and 'World Wide' will also be sent free on application.

Correspondence

V., B.C.

Dear Editor,—I give all my papers away to my drawing teacher, who sends them to the Indian Missions. I go to school, and am in the Senior Fourth Reader. I like to read, and have read a great many books; the one I liked best was 'Uncle Tom's Cabin.'

I live in V., and have lived here all my life. V. is sometimes called the beautiful city of the West.

LIDA C.

C. S., N.B.

Dear Editor,—I am a little girl eleven years old. I like reading very much, and have bank of the Ottawa river, in the county of Pontiac. It is improving fast. There are two sawmills, and five general stores, three blacksmith shops, two livery barns, and a bank here. The C. P. R. train also passes through.

I have no pets except a dog. I have three brothers younger than myself. My Pa was away hunting deer this fall, and their club shot twenty-two, and a bear; it was a very large one.

E. M. D.

E., C. B.

Dear Editor,—I am in the sixth grade at school. I can go to school in two minutes. We have had the same teacher for three years. Don't you think she must like us?

I enjoy reading the letters and the Little

OUR PICTURES.

1. 'Saucepan, Dipper, and Funnel,' W. T. B., B. C., Ont.
2. 'Been a-fishing.' Vera J. Smith (aged 13), C., P. E. I.
3. Daisy.' C. R. Williams (aged 10), C., P. E. I.
4. 'A Girl.' Allan Bigger, R. Man.
5. 'A Country Scene.' Dorothea Evison (aged 12), D., Ont.
6. 'The Pansy.' Chester Sargent (aged 10), W., Man.
7. 'Our Flag.' Irene Tully (aged 7), R., Man.
8. 'Maple Leaf.' A. E. McL., L., Alta.
9. 'Little Miss Prim.' Marion Herd (aged 14), S., B.C.
10. 'Christmas Morning.' Sarah Reesor (aged 11), C. G., Ont.
11. 'A Rabbit.' Geta Kearney (aged 9), T., Ont.
12. 'Bible.' Percy Hart (aged 8), C., Ont.
13. 'Eggs.' Kathleen I. Dimmock (aged 11), U., N.S.
14. 'Grip.' Cecil H. Taylor (aged 9), G. S., N. B.
15. 'Market Girls.' Marion M. Buzza (aged 10), O. S., Ont.
16. 'A Plant.' Ethel Evison (aged 8), D., Ont.
17. 'Beaver.' Fred Tully (aged 10), R., Man.
18. 'Scissors.' M. Sargent (aged 9), W., Man.
19. 'The Haunted House.' John Keith (aged 12), M., Que.
20. 'Buster and Tige.' Gladys Huntley, V. R. B., P. E. I.
21. 'The Three Bears.' Dorothy McDougall, (aged 11), G.B., N.S.

a number of books. This is a very pretty place in summer. We have a shop, a grist mill, a saw mill, a station, and three churches. I go to school, and am in the Third Reader. I have four sisters and one brother.

I go to Sunday school every Sunday. I like to go to both Sunday School and day school. I think the answer to A. E. Carter's riddle is London. I will close with a riddle—When did George Washington first take a carriage?

ALFREDA LILIAN NODDIN.

G. B., N.S.

Dear Editor,—I am ten years old. I go to school, and am in the fourth grade. I go to Sunday School also, and am learning more now than I ever did before. I live near a wood, and we have camps there in the summer, and such fun.

ALEX McDOUGALL (aged 10).

[Your riddle has been already asked, Alex.]

C. B., Que.

Dear Editor,—I am a boy eleven years old. I go to school every day, and have been in the fourth class for about a year. We are having a new school house built; it will soon be ready for use. C. B. is a village on the Folks' page in the 'Messenger.' One of Eileen Brown's riddles was when was beef the highest? Answer: When the cow jumped over the moon. Now I will ask one. When is a man behind the times?

ANNA JEAN ROBSON.

M., Ont.

Dear Editor,—I have been reading so many letters in the 'Messenger' that I thought I would try and write too. I knew quite a number of the riddles. I live on a farm and we milk thirty-one cows. I have three brothers and four sisters. I am eleven years old, and go to school and Sunday School. We do not get the 'Messenger' at Sunday School, but we get a number of other papers.

In the 'Messenger' of Oct. 5, there was a riddle given from the 'Ram's Horn,' the answer, I think, is the Book of Romans. Charlie Victor Curtis asks what table has not a leg to stand on—the multiplication table.

H. G. M.

B. B., Ont.

Dear Editor,—I go to school every day. I have not far to go, as the school house is at the corner of a farm. I am a little girl eight years old, and am in the part two book. I never went to school until last Christmas. I like our teacher very much. For pets I have two little yellow dogs (their names are Sandy and Prince), and three little kittens. The answer to Emma Reesor's riddle is Moses was in the dark.

MARY TUCKER.

P., N.S.

Dear Editor,—I have a cat and a dog. The dog goes in a dog-power, and separates the milk, does the churning, and helps my mother wash. I also have a colt; its name is Frank. I was nine years old the 31st of August. I go to school every day, and am in grade four. My father owns nine horses and four cows.

FREDERICK ELIAS BERGEMAN.

C., Alta.

Dear Editor,—I go to school, and am in the second reader. We all like our teacher very much. We have been in Alberta seven months, and like it greatly. We were on the train four days and four nights coming here. C. is a little village on the south branch of the Calgary and Edmonton R. R. I am very fond of reading, and have read a great many books. I have been to Calgary twice since we came here; it is a beautiful place, and is surrounded with hills. There are two rivers running through it.

DOROTHY HILL.

C., Ont.

Dear Editor,—As I have not seen any letters from C., I thought I would write one. I am a little girl eight years old. My mother is dead, and I live with my auntie. I have two brothers and one sister. My sister is spending the winter in Toronto. I have two dear little second cousins. One is named Marguerite, and the other is Lois. I am in the second book, and take music lessons.

ISABEL FRASER.

OTHER LETTERS.

Myra Winger, S., Ont., answers three questions to which the answers have since been printed, and wonders how many of the readers would be able to give a name in the Bible for every letter of the alphabet.

Nellie Gidley, P., Ont., sends in this riddle: There is a mill; around the mill there is a walk, and on the walk there is a key. Guess the name of the city hidden here.

Dorothy McDougall, G.B., C.B., sends in a riddle that has been already asked.

K. G. Dimmock, U., N. S., answers Eileen Brown's riddles in order, as follows:—1. Multiplication table. 2. When the cow jumped over the moon. 3. The bridge of the nose. 4. His foot. The answer to Grace Mathewson's is also given.—Sandy.

Ethel M., Joliette, Que., sends in several riddles, only two of which have not been asked: 1. Take a letter from the hair that grows on a man's face, and leave a wild animal. 2. Why is a vain girl like a drunkard?

'Acadie,' Charlottetown, P. E. I., answers several riddles, of which the answers are already given, and asks a number of others, but alas! he does not give the answers. He is not the only one who neglects this important part of the riddle. Letters have come in this week from Ethel Affleck, D., P.E.I.; Helen Baldwin, S., Ont.; Susie McBain, O., Sask.; and Evelyn MacPhail, M., Ont., all containing riddles without answers. You need not be afraid they will go in by mistake, but we have decided in no case to print a riddle unless we know the answer.

There is just another thing the Editor wants to say, and that is—be sure to address your letters correctly. One letter came to us at last this week after having taken quite a long unnecessary journey. Perhaps the letters enjoy such trips, but this one did not appear to have done so. It came in very battered and torn. The right address is—'Northern Messenger,' Correspondent Department, 'Witness' Building, Montreal.

We have also received little letters from Robert A. Hendrie, Scotland; Jean McEwen, F., Ont.; Sarah Reesor, C. G., Ont.; Grace Morrison, D., Man.; Britt Mitchell, A., N.S.; one from St. John with no name signed, and one from Wesley Bigger, R., Man. Thanks for your good opinion, Wesley.

LESSON XI.—DECEMBER 16, 1906.

Jesus Risen From the Dead.

Matthew xxviii., 1-15.

Golden Text.

He is risen even as he said.—Matt. xxviii., 6.

Home Readings.

Monday, Dec. 10.—Matt. xxviii., 1-15.
Tuesday, Dec. 11.—Luke xxiv., 1-12.
Wednesday, Dec. 12.—Luke xxiv., 13-27.
Thursday, Dec. 13.—Luke xxiv., 28-35.
Friday, Dec. 14.—Luke xxiv., 36-48.
Saturday, Dec. 15.—John xx., 19-29.
Sunday, Dec. 16.—Mark xvi., 1-14.

(By Davis W. Clark.)

When the facile pen of Charles Dickens dropped from his hand in the midst of the writing of his 'Mystery of Edwin Drood,' a sensation of regret was felt by his admirers that he had left a story half told. Had the evangelists laid down their pens before narrating the resurrection, it would not have been a passing sensation of regret, but the universal human heart would have been torn asunder between faith and doubt. There is so much upon the sacred page to indicate Divinity, but the glorious seal to it would be lacking. The unfinished Mystery of Jesus Christ would have plunged each succeeding generation of readers into grief and despair. The lament of the disciples on the way to Emmaus would have been the world's refrain: 'We thought it had been He who should have redeemed us. But how can an unrisen Saviour save?'

With joy and confidence we turn then to the fourfold narrative of the resurrection. No unfinished mystery is here. That last event essential to the symmetry of the Divine Person is told with incontestable truth. Each evangelist, from his own point of view, narrates the sublime event independently of the rest. What one lacks, the others supply. Each gives some minor touch caught upon the sensitive plate of his own individuality. So from the four panels growth the everliving picture of the soul-the rising Christ! From the four Gospels the circumstantial evidences of the resurrection of Jesus may be gleaned and arranged as follows:

I. Reality of Jesus' Death.

Insured by

(1) Discipline of Roman soldiers.
(2) Malice of enemies.
(3) Centurion's report.

Hence the reappearance of Jesus not the result of recovery from swoon.

II. Jesus' Tomb Empty on Third Day.

Fact admitted by friend and foe. Mistake impossible; one body only in tomb.

1) Body not taken by enemies.

No object in removing it, or could have refuted story of resurrection by reproducing body.

2) Body not taken by friends.

Proved by their transparent credulousness.

3) Body could not have been taken by any one.

a) Because of discipline of Roman soldiers.

b) Because of position of grave-cloths.

c) If Christ arose of His own will and power.

No event of human history is more completely verified, more recently authenticated, than the resurrection of Jesus from the tomb of Joseph of Arimathæa, in the garden near to Calvary. If that circumstance, as related by the evangelists, can be impeached, then any part of history can be impeached by the same methods.

In this circumstantial narrative full of incidents that at first glance seem trivial, but soon appear each in its proper place—an irrefragable link in the mightiest chain of evidence ever forged, it is as if one hears the Master's voice to His doubting disciples in each generation: 'Reach hither thy finger, and behold My hands; and reach hither thy hand, and thrust it into My side, and be not faithless, but believing.'

KEY AND ANALYSIS.

1. If Christ had not risen: Seal to his Divinity would be lacking.
   His story would have been unfinished.
   Universal human heart torn between faith and doubt.
2. Christ is Risen!
   Twofold narrative.
3. The irrefragable chain of evidence.
4. The last event essential to the symmetry of the Divine person historically verified.

THE TEACHER'S LANTERN.

The absolute ingenuousness of the apostolic company is manifest in the women's errand. They were no party to the opening of the tomb or removal of the body. What they had in their hands was striking and material testimony of their unfeigned openness. They came to minister to the dead, to complete embalmment. Their perplexity and grief at finding the tomb apparently rifled completes the evidence of their candor and truth.

* * * *

The evidence of the ingenuousness of the apostles themselves is equally strong. The women's report seemed idle talk. They are not inclined to receive it; rather the contrary. In the Iliad of woes attendant upon the crucifixion they had forgotten Jesus' assurance that He would rise the third day. If remembered, a spiritual significance was attached to it. Here was no hasty and credulous acceptance of an agreeable hypothesis. It required repeated assurances, under the greatest possible variety of conditions, to establish the fact of the resurrection in the apostles' minds.

* * * *

The testimony of such witnesses, given under conditions like these, and of record in form, the authenticity and genuineness of which is unimpeachable, has had overwhelming weight in each generation, and as widely as published.

* * * *

The resurrection of Jesus is the confessed corner-stone of the Christian system. If He be not risen, it is built upon a lie; faith is vain; apostles are false witnesses; spiritual resurrection of the soul from the deadness of sin is an illusion; the resurrection of the body a mockery; those who died in the false hope are annihilated.

* * * *

'But!'—thank God for that strong and inspired adversative of the master logician!—'He is risen!' The fact remains! That, too, after two millenniums of criticism.

* * * *

On the diamond pivot of that blessed conjunction 'but' the whole cases wings the other way. Preaching is the power of God; faith is effectual; apostles are true witnesses; the spiritual resurrection of the soul from sin is assured. Christ is the first sheaf of the universal resurrection-harvest.

* * * *

There was nothing preternatural in the personal appearance of Jesus in the forty days after His resurrection. His countenance was not lose lightning nor His raiment white as snow. He was mistaken for a gardener, and later as a common traveler. There was a sweet 'humaneness' in His words as well. He uttered Mary's name with a familiar accent. He called the disciples 'My brethren.' He appointed rude and rocky Galilee as the place of rendezvous. Even the salutation 'All hail!' which in our version seems so majestic, is merely just the common and happy greeting of friends.

* * * *

Faith in the risen Lord of Jesus is inseparable from the Scriptures. Cut off from them it withers as the branch severed from the vine. No amount of watering serves to keep it alive. Neglect of the Bible, indifference to it or contempt of it, is the fruitful cause of unbelief.

* * * *

We still need the double opening of the Scriptures to our understanding, and of our understanding to the Scriptures: to find the event corresponded to the prediction, as the tenon to the mortise, 'Thus it is written' that Christ should rise.

* * * *

Only the resurrection adequately accounts for Christianity. It has been said that it is more rational to believe the system founded upon a miracle than upon a lie. Farrar affirms, a conscious falsehood could never have had power to convince the disbelief and regenerate the morality of the world.

* * * *

Dogmatism and categorical statements concerning the nature of the resurrection body of Jesus, and of believers in general, had better be avoided. Exact description, minute definition, are unnecessary, dangerous, and entangling. Paul affirms in general terms that the resurrection body shall be incorruptible, glorious, powerful, spiritual. That suffices.

C. E. Topic.

Sunday, Dec. 16.—Topic—What truth has chiefly appealed to you from our year's Sunday school lessons? Matt. xiii., 52; Isa. lii., 13-15; liii., 1-12.

Junior C. E. Topic.

SENDING PORTIONS.

Monday, Dec. 10.—A day of sending portions. Esther ix., 22.

Tuesday, Dec. 11.—Give as ye are able. Deut. xvi., 17.

Wednesday, Dec. 12.—Scattering yet increasing. Prov. xi., 24, 25.

Thursday, Dec. 13.—Poor yet rich. Prov. xiii., 7.

Friday, Dec. 14.—Bread upon the waters. Eccl. xi., 1, 2.

Saturday, Dec. 15.—Ready to distribute. I. Tim. vi., 18, 19.

Sunday, Dec. 16.—Topic—Sending portions to those who have nothing. Neh. viii., 10-12. (Home missionary meeting.)

'Tell My Disciples and Peter.'

(Charles R. Burke, in the 'Independent.')

Ye who forsook and fled, return, return!
The risen Christ, your loving master, see.
O coward heart and recreant lips, now learn
The special yearning of the Lord for thee.

Testing a New Hand.

Many a class, says Dr. Trumbull in his 'Teaching and Teachers,' shows itself at its worst, when a new teacher first attempts the charge of it. Just as a spirited horse has added restlessness, and even, sometimes, shows an unusual viciousness, when a new hand is at its bridle, or at its driving-lines, so a spirited and mischievous scholar often gives a new teacher all the trouble he can, as if to test the teacher's mettle and spirit and power.

In my old mission-school, of which I have several times spoken, a faithful teacher had fairly brought a troublesome class into management. But, one Sunday, that teacher was sick, and in his stead he sent a friend to teach his class. The new comer had much such an experience as that of the teacher who has told us of her first Sunday's bewilderment. Seeing his helplessness, I went to the teacher's aid. Finding that other inducements failed with the scholars, I appealed to their regard for their own teacher, whom they really loved, and I reminded them how troubled he would be on learning that they had so misused the friend whom he had sent from his bedside to take his place during his sickness. That was a fresh view of the case to the scholars, and it had its influence with them. 'All right,' spoke up one of the restless young leaders, 'let him go it. We'll try him. But,' added the little fellow, as if in explanation of the real issue involved, 'he must train us (pointing to the new comer); our teacher did.' It was evident that these scholars had the feeling, that it was hardly right for this man to enter into the labors of the other without proving himself worthy of the place. In other words it is not the scholars alone who are on trial in such a class. The teacher is 'in the balances.'

Notes of the Temperance Conflict in the United States.

False Statements.

Touching the movement against alcoholic patent medicines the 'National Advocate' says: 'Despite handicaps and opposition of tremendous vested interests, the campaign against alcoholic patent medicines is rapidly assuming national proportions. As a result of investigations made by the Prohibition press during the last few years many leading daily papers throughout the country are revising their advertising requirements, and are cutting out thousands of dollars worth of the more notorious patent medicine publicity advertising. Fraud like Duffy's Malt Whiskey are getting in real danger of being excluded from reputable newspaper columns. And what the newspapers are doing is being supported in enthusiastic fashion by many weekly papers and monthly magazines. A new rule of 'Collier's Magazine' cuts out all advertisements of beer, whiskey, or alcoholic liquors, while 'McClure's' and the 'Ladies' Home Journal' have already announced similar prohibitions.

At the Pittsburgh Exposition recently there was a conspicuous display of a local brewery with elaborate diagrams claiming to show the amount of food elements contained in a glass of beer. The same city is extensively placarded with advertisements which announce beer as 'liquid bread.' Of the same phrase as used by a writer on 'Modern Beer Brewing' some months ago in the New York 'Tribune,' Mrs. Mary H. Hunt wrote in the last article that came from her pen: 'A London saloonkeeper once posted the same claim on his sign, but his beer was analyzed by a chemist and found to contain such a mere trace of nourishment that he was hauled into court and made to pay a fine for obtaining money under false pretenses. If the laws of New York are as effective as those of England in such matters there is no doubt legal redress for such attempts to defraud the public could be obtained.

'This writer in the 'Tribune' goes so far as to specify the kind of food that beer contains, muscle building and fuel food he says. Beer has been repeatedly analyzed by competent chemists and while its composition varies somewhat with the materials used in its manufacture, the following are the results given by acknowledged authorities:

'Wynter Blythe's treatise on "Foods" gives us the constituents of "lager" beer:

Water	89.75	per cent.
Carbonic acid	.015	"
Alcohol	5.1	"
Malt extract	5	"

'The malt extract before fermentation, Wynter Blythe says, is composed of malt, sugar, dextrine, albuminous constituents and ash. "But," he says, "of these it is the ash alone that will remain, comparatively speaking, unchanged, for by the action of mashing a large proportion of the dextrine and starch becomes changed into sugar." The sugar which is truly a fuel food is changed.

'From these figures we can see what a man gets when he spends five cents for a glass of beer—usually reckoned at half a pint, or 10 and a fraction avoirdupous ounces. Taking Wynter Blythe's analysis he gets 8.9 ounces of water; 6.6 grains of carbonic acid; .5 (one-half) of an ounce of alcohol, a narcotic poison; .5 of an ounce of malt extract, which according to Wynter Blythe is mostly ash. Battershall's table would give him about as much alcohol and .15 of an ounce of sugar but no albuminoids.

'How much and what kinds of food does a man get when he pays five cents for a loaf of bread?

'For five cents a man can buy one and one-fourth pounds of bread in which he gets eleven and two-tenths ounces of carbohydrates, (that is, foods belonging to the starch and sugar group, which are classified as fuel or energy furnishing foods), two ounces of proteids or muscle building food, two-tenths of an ounce of fat which is also a fuel food, two-tenths of an ounce of mineral matter, six and four-tenths ounces of water, no poison.' —'Christian Statesman.

The Insidious Cigarette.

(J. Lewis Paton, M.A., Headmaster of Manchester Grammar School, in the London 'Daily News.')

The evidence of eminent physicians and lawyers has alreay been heard by the Select Committee on Juvenile Smoking. They will no doubt have the evidence of police and other local government authorities, and it is to be hoped that they will not omit to hear what those have to say who know the slum-boy at first hand and work in the various boys' brigades and lads' clubs in our great cities.

Every agency of this kind does what it can to fight the insidious cigarette, and every such agency feels that all the conditions outside their own particular control, which make for the enemy, are getting stronger year by year. The invention of the cigarette itself is against them. Formerly a boy got his first experience of tobacco either with a pipe or a cigar, and the first experience was usually enough to last him for some time. But with a cigarette Nature's admonitions are more easily stifled, and a boy of ten or eleven finds no difficulty in smoking his 40 cigarettes a week. Cigarettes are fatally cheap; halfpenny packets are now sold. If the Committee are sensible, they will recommend that no parcel of cigarettes or other tobacco be sold under threepence; this will stop the casual purchase of the errand-boy, and do as much as any police measure to check juvenile smoking. It will mean the abolition of all cigarette automatic machines. And no one would have a right to complain on that score, for the increase of tobacco licences has gone on at such a pace that there is now a licence for practically every 60 inhabitants of this country.

Not only is a reduction of licences called for, but great care should be taken to what sort of shops these licences are given. At present large numbers of the small sweetshops that sell chiefly to children have licences. A child in investing a penny usually takes into account the length of time for which the penny will provide an anodyne against the troubles of this world. In my younger days aniseed balls were the favorite; no other lingering sweetness was so long drawn out. Now the aniseed ball has lost its proud pre-eminence, and all other sweets hide their 'minished heads before the cigarette. A penny-worth of sweets will last, if one is selfish, for an hour; a pennyworth of cigarettes lasts a whole day.

The licences given to small news shops also want investigation. Something like systematic evasion of the Truck Act goes on at present in connection with them. A newsboy, after he has sold his packet of newspapers, is regularly asked whether he will take a pennyworth of his pay out in a packet of tabs ('whiffs' or 'fags' is the vernacular), and in some cases he isn't even asked, and has no choice.

There is another class of boy peculiarly liable to the cigarette temptation, a class which hardly existed twenty years ago. The increase of secondary day schools, technical schools, pupil-teacher centres, and so forth has called into existence what Germans call the 'Eisenbahnschuler,' the boy who goes to and fro daily to school by train. This boy has the temptation always before him, and abundant opportunity for yielding to it on the sly without being caught. Many a penny that was given for lunch is spent in 'fags.'

Over this class of boys the police will have no control as long as he is on the railway train or in the stations. If juvenile smoking is to be stopped in public places, other people beside policemen must be invested with authority to stop it. At present a school teacher has no legal right to stop a boy smoking outside the school premises. This power should be given to him. Magistrates should have it also, and park-keepers should be made responsible for seeing the law is carried out in public parks.

The effectual prevention of smoking in public places is specially important, because a small boy usually smokes not because he likes it, but that he may be seen of men and taken for a man.

It is perhaps pertinent to point out that, if such a law were passed, a boy, who is undersized or puny, even though he has passed the legal age, will abstain from smoking in public for fear of being asked by the policeman whether he is not under age. Such a question will wound him in his most sensitive point, and, therefore, a law prohibiting smoking under 16 would be an effectual preventive for just those boys over 16 who most need prevention.

No reasonable person expects to stop juvenile smoking by Act of Parliament, but what reasonable persons do ask is that the State shall not make the work of those who are fighting this evil so difficult as to be almost hopeless. Every schoolmaster knows that the best way to fight the tobacco temptation is by athletics. A positive is always more effective than a negative with the young.

'You're a well set-up young fellow, and you'll make a strong half back if you will be regular at gymnasium and give up smoking and keep fit.' This is the new affection which has dynamic power to countervail the seductions of the five-a-penny whiff. And a boy is best kept good by keeping him fit. Health and holiness have a connection in fact as well as in etymology. Much could be said about the demoralising effects of juvenile smoking, but to that Select Committees will not listen. All that one can ask is that those who have most at heart the saving of boys' souls shall not have to cope everywhere and always with a State-licensed Apollyon whose interest is to ruin boys' bodies.

Temperance Notes.

'I was informed by a London sanitary inspector this month (October, 1904), that he had never served an overcrowding notice except on drinking tenants, and had never issued a notice to abate dirt or nuisance to a teetotaler.'—John Burns, M.P., L.C.C.

'Out of every 100 patients whom I have charge of at the London Hospital, 70 per cent of them directly owe their ill-health to alcohol—to the abuse. I do not say that these 70 per cent. were drunkards, but to the excessive use.'—Sir Andrew Clark.

Some time ago (says a well-known doctor) I received a letter from the member of the police force, who, during his period of office, had had charge of the van which had conveyed upwards of 47,000 prisoners. Out of this number, he informs me that, so far as his recollection goes, there were only three teetotalers.

He found most of the female prisoners were drinkers. Often they were young mothers, frequently with a baby in their arms, who accompanied its mother to prison, to be initiated at that early age into prison life. He informed me that nine-tenths of these women had lost all their self-respect, thus educating and breeding drunkards.

No honest man with a drunken wife can bring up the children properly. It is the mother's influence which exerts the greatest power over her child, and it is that which is responsible for its good or evil training. Alcohol in every form ought to be shunned and avoided, as being one of the greatest gifts from Satan that we possess, and which, from what I have stated, is responsible for converting a sane nation into a mad one.

Expiring Subscriptions.

Would each subscriber kindly look at the address tag on this paper? If the date thereon is Dec. it is time that renewals were sent in so as to avoid losing a single copy. As renewals always date from the expiry of the old subscriptions, subscribers lose nothing by remitting a little in advance.

HOUSEHOLD.

A Memory.

(Mary Harrison, in the 'Homestead.')

Brown bread an' milk an' sweet apple,
with a spoonful o' cream, ye know!
Is there anything else ye think of that sets
you a-longin' so?
Ye can see the bins in the culler, where
the Pound Sweets used to be,
An' smell the supper a-cookin' an' the
steepin' o' mother's tea.

An' the cows at the barn to greet ye, ole
Speckles an' Bess an' Brin;
An' then when the chores were finished an'
the wood an' the shavins in,
With cheeks as red as your mitten, an'
eyes that were all aglow,
A passin' your bowl to father for the spoon-
ful o' cream, ye know!

Perhaps what they call their menus, may
be a sight more great!
Perhaps there are fancier dishes set by
the rich man's plate!
But I wouldn't give up the mem'ry fer all
o' their fuss and show
O' the bread an' cream an' sweet apple that
I et in the long ago.

Do You Know—

That if you rub grass stains with molasses they will come out without difficulty in the ordinary wash?

That spots may be removed from gingham by being wet with milk and covered with common salt? Leave for an hour or so, and rinse out in several waters.

That you can make a faded dress perfectly white by washing it in boiling cream of tartar water?

That salt dissolved in alcohol will often remove grease spots from clothing?

An Outside Interest.

The home woman is the indispensable woman. It has been wisely remarked that we could do without the women who have made careers for themselves in all other directions; but without the home woman we should have to shut up shop at once. The home-maker is the absolutely necessary element, the woman the world cannot do without. It is a pity, therefore that the home woman allows herself, so often, to fail of her full development and reward. She is apt to be so unselfish and so conscientious that she lets the four walls of home narrow about her. The 'household' woman, as she has been called, does not get enough exercise every day, nor does she breathe enough of the outside air of thoughts and action to refresh her spirit. The simplest remedy is that of at least one outside interest. The woman who takes up one hobby, one charity, one line of work beyond the household cares, and follows it steadily, will find that it brings freshness and power with it. It becomes both outlook and inflow to her. The study and collection of old china, reading up a special subject, making a garden, any one of these, if pursued thoroughly, will bring her in touch with others and open vistas of interest unendingly. And the woman with a hobby grows old so slowly that she often never grows old at all, but keeps to the last that freshness of interest which is the mark of youth.—'Harper's Bazar.'

Whom Shall we Entertain?

Let us entertain the young. Children are the jolliest guests! It is very important that the social instinct should be developed early, the social talents encouraged. Do not, even if you are old and have children of your own, be afraid to entertain children. You can, if you try, remember what you liked when you were a child, and keep out of the fallacy of thinking there is much difference between you and the child. You know a few more things than the child knows, but he knows many things that you do not; he will learn a great deal that you have already forgotten, and many things you never will know; he is the heir of all the ages. If you treat the dullest, shyest child as if he were a rational fellow being, you will not bore him. He is pleased to be made a comrade of by a grown-up every now and again.

Entertain the old! The very young and the elderly always have time. To them either the battle has not begun or is nearly over. O, remember the old, do not let them be crowded out of society! Every loss has its compensation; if they have lived well, every year has given some gift for the thing it took away. It is not enough to honor our own parents and grandparents; we must honor other people's. The old add, in their way, quite as much as do the young to the great dead-level majority of society—the middle aged.—Maud Howe, in 'Harper's Bazar.'

Injudicious Indulgence to Children.

Parents often blight or destroy the young lives committed to their care, either by injudicious indulgence, or a selfish reluctance to accept the troubles, the restraints, and cares which inevitably come with helpless infancy. Often, through excessive fondness, they yield implicitly to the unreasonable exactions of beings too young to understand what they need. If in such cases wiser friends remonstrate with the parents, in the vain attempt to show them the folly of their indulgence, they are thought unkind or hard-hearted. But by such extravagant indulgence you are injuring the child you profess to love so tenderly. You are laying the foundation for a most selfish and disagreeable character, which, sooner than you imagine, will outgrow your control, and become your tyrant, causing years of trouble and unhappiness.

'Why, this is but a baby, and I think our little ones should have all the liberty and enjoyment possible. It will be time enough to tighten the reins and exercise authority when the child is old enough to discern good and evil.'

Ah! that time comes much earlier than parents are willing to believe. It requires but a few weeks for a boby, tiny and undeveloped as it appears to the doting parents, to understand that by persistent crying and violent demonstrations of anger, it will receive all the care and immediate attention it was demanding by these natural signs. Having conquered, the infant becomes sweet and quiet, and soon falls asleep. How long will it be before that little babe will learn that passionate crying will compel the mother to rock it to sleep regularly? That will soon become too monotonous, perhaps, and the incipient tyrant decides that to be walked with is preferable to rocking. A good cry, with kicking and struggling plentifully interspersed, will soon bring the mother to her feet, or the nurse will be called upon to take up the line of march. It will require but two or three such victories before walking will be the only way to coax the child to sleep or into a good-humored condition. If sleep comes at last to relieve the weary nurse, how softly she creeps to the crib, how stealthily she manages to put the child from her arms on to the well-warmed pillow. That 'twig' is rapidly bending in the wrong direction.

As the babe grows out of the nurse's arms, its will, which never has been wisely controlled, is manifested in almost every act; but its little dainty, imperious ways are pronounced 'So charming! Too knowing for anything!' And, doubtless, they are so, if one looks only at the present, with no foreshadowing of whereunto these 'knowing' ways may lead in after life. It may be laughable, just for once, to see this small specimen of humanity stamp with its small foot, or strike with its pretty dimpled hand, when denied some article of food, or deprived of something unsafe for it to handle.

In a few months the little child enters another stage. Now let them attempt to tighten the reins or exercise proper authority. Will it prove an easy task? Will they succeed in straightening the 'twig' which their own folly or neglect has permitted to 'bend' so far beyond their reach?

Where lies the blame? The mother, who suffered herself to be conquered by an infant's puny resistance, must answer. The parents, who later, saw without rebuke or prevention the small child abuse or tear choice books, destroy valuable articles of furniture, or strike the nurse, or torture menials, without one resolute effort to subdue or teach it better, must appeal to their own consciences to decide this question. The 'twig,' twisted and bent by over-indulgence or neglect, has become a branch or limb, distorted, unsymmetrical, a disfigurement, not a thing of beauty that should have been a joy for ever.

A child indulged in every caprice, whose wrongdoings are a source of merriment, and openly repeated as something wonderfully brilliant in the presence of the culprit; must be but little lower than the angels if it does not in a few years bring its parents to grief, and become the torment of the whole household, and a nuisance to the whole neighborhood—'Christian Globe.'

How to Make Coffee.

You will find that nothing pleases a majority of your friends more than a good cup of coffee. Some things are essential to its making, no matter what brand of coffee is used, or whether you make it in the French (drip) method, or by the old way of steeping.

One of the essentials is a clean coffee pot. Too many people, even if they use a tiny one, let the coffee stand in it day after day, with all the accumulations, sometimes going so far as to add new coffee to the old material, which they do not wish to throw away.

You need never throw away a bit of liquid; but don't mix it with fresh, to the injury of the latter. Turn your 'leavings' out into a bowl or pitcher, after each meal, and wash the coffee pot, thoroughly, and just as you would your coffee cup. Then it makes much less difference as to how you make the drink, or what kind of coffee berry you use, although both help to make all the difference that there is, after the coffee pot is taken care of and the question of cream or milk settled in favor of cream. Poor coffee with cream is better than good coffee without it; and if I had to choose between butter for my bread and cream for my coffee I should have the cream.

Another essential is fresh water. After water has stood in the warm kitchen for two or three hours, it has absorbed enough impurities from the atmosphere to rob it of its 'sparkle' and to make it taste flat. Then, too, it must be freshly boiled. Too many housekeepers use any water that is hot enough, and never think how much difference it makes in the final 'flavor,' which is the choice part of this drink, after all. Strength is not half so essential to its perfection as the delicate aroma, which will revive even the drooping spirits of the sick!

Another essential is a closed spout. Make a 'cork' of clean cloth or soft paper—not newspaper. Don't let one bit of the fragrance escape into the room where you are preparing the meal. All that is lost in this way is just so much taken from the life of each cup of your precious drink.

The next consideration is the coffee pot. I prefer a china one, next to that one of enamel ware, and tin last. But you can make as good coffee in the tin pot as in the china. It is only a matter of looks, on the table, if you keep it clean inside and well scalded each day.

Again, there is the berry. Most of the 'ready-blended' mixtures are comparatively worthless; and I nearly said that all of the ready-ground ones are. Buy in the berry, even if you buy roasted and wait while the grocer grinds it for you; but it will be much better if you can spend the time to roast and grind fresh for each meal. However, supposing that you may not wish to do this at first, as it requires judgment which generally comes only with experience. I would say buy Java and Mocha, half a pound of each, and have it either pulverized or ground very finely. It will 'make' more easily and quickly, and is more economical than the coarsely ground.

Now how: Measure carefully as many spoons of coffee as you wish cups of drink—tablespoons, if moderately coarse in grinding, teaspoons if pulverized, and halfway be-

tween for a fine grind that is not pulverized. Mix with a cup of cold water, and set on the back of the stove, to steep slowly while you prepare your meal. Put the rest of the water in the tea-kettle, in readiness to boil at the right time, to have it ready when everything is done. Pour the boiling water on the warm mixture, and put it on the hot part of the fire to come to a boil, while you dish up the food. Settle with eggshell, unless you can afford the half of an egg, which will make it especially rich, and turn in two spoons of cold water, turning out enough of the hot liquid into a coffee pot to rinse down the grounds that have arisen to the top. Turn the coffee back into the coffee pot, and serve in hot cups into which you have already put the cream and sugar; but do teach your coffee-loving friends to learn to drink the delicious beverage without sugar if you can. I have persuaded dozens of people to try it, and not one would ever go back to the old way of syrup instead of coffee.

Another way: Put the coffee into a bag, about three inches wide by six long. Wind enough string about it to keep it tightly enclosed, and put into cold water, measured, and in above proportions, using all the water at once for this, steeping slowly, and only boiling about two minutes, at the very last. Put it over when you begin the meal. Add the eggshell, and serve as above.

Another: Use a French drip-pot, and have it hot, with water boiling, when the meal is all ready. Turn the water on the coffee (which must be pulverized for this) which is ready in the perforated cup that comes with this sort of a coffee pot, and pour through a second time. Proportions, service, etc., as in first recipe.

Black coffee, which is an after-dinner drink, is made twice as strong as above given, and is served plain; but few people care for it.—New York 'Observer.'

Family Fallacies.

It will be found on investigation that a certain number of fallacies exist in every family, touching the habits, dispositions, and even the personal appearance of its members. For instance, it is a family tradition among the Browns that Miranda is always careless of her clothes. No matter how careful the poor girl may be, this impression is ineradicable. Father, mother, sisters, brothers, all look doubtfully at the mud-stains on the flounce of her new skirt, and are but little impressed by her explanation of the accident that caused them. It may all be true—doubtless it is true, for Miranda is honest and frank—but then, Miranda always did get her dresses muddy, and that explains the matter. It is not at all likely that Ella would have muddied her skirt, even if the street was narrow and the carriage carelessly driven. She would have escaped, as she always does; but poor Miranda—and an expressive sigh closes the sentence. Now this impression is something more than a mere unfounded prejudice. It had its origin in fact long ago, when Miranda was a very careless, heedless little girl. But years have wrought changes, and it seems as if the old impression might be modified, if not erased, only, unfortunately, it has passed into a proverb, and 'Miranda is always so careless,' falls upon her best endeavors like a chill. In vain does she strive to win for herself a more window, with what mild incredulity will her painstaking with a complacent pity, a conviction that the improvement is spasmodic, and will not last over to-morrow.

Ella—whom every one knows to be careful and methodical—may drop her pen, mislay her crochet needle, or forget to return a borrowed book, and nothing will be thought of it; but poor Miranda will be at once arraigned before the family tribunal as guilty. If the rain has found entrance through a forgotten window, with what mild incredulity will her assurance that she closed that particular window be received?

'Of course, my dear, you meant to close it—we do not doubt that—but then you know you are always a little forgetful about such things, a little careless, in fact,' says one, soothingly, and our poor Miranda submits to the inevitable in the shape of this opinion.

Then there is Justina, who has always been supposed to have a pointed nose, although that was a feature of her babyhood which has long ago disappeared. Still, her family cannot entertain the idea of any other nose as belonging to Justina, and one or another will say, coolly: 'That way of dressing your hair is quite becoming to you, Justina, it hides the shape of your nose'; or, 'You ought to wear a hat of this shape, it will make your nose look less pointed.'

Justina may rebel against this opinion; she may even be excited to anger by its iteration; but of what avail is her protest? Everyone knows that her nose is not a classical one, and why should she lose her temper about it?'

So it is in many other ways that the tendency to rest upon the past, and accept traditions in the place of present facts, works distrously for the peace of at least one member of the family. The fallacies are a never-ceasing source of annoyance to their victim, but they are not to be conquered. Sometimes family tradition attaches to the manner, as when Hugh is credited with an inexhaustible fund of merriment. No one ever gives him credit for seriousness, and even his gravest moods or his most cynical remarks are supposed to be jokes in disguise. His moral reflections on any topic provoke a smile as a matter of course, and when he grows more serious the smile becomes a laugh. Of what use is it for poor Hugh to declare his earnestness—his family all understand this as part of the joke, and it adds, therefore, infinitely to their amusement.

Another, and perhaps the commonest of all family fallacies, is that children are always children. The lapse of years has failed to impress the mother or father. Strangers see that the boy and girl have reached young manhood or womanhood, as the case may be, but to parents and grandparents the fact is unknown. Hence come many misunderstandings and vexations. The child seems insubordinate and rebellious, when in reality it is only the effort to think and act independently. Many a mother wearies herself in doing for her children what they could as well do for themselves if permitted—nay, what they ought to do, and would do, if the truth could be realised that they are no longer infants. We will say nothing of the other fallacies common in the household, for our list to-day is long enough. But if we shall have succeeded in making one poor victim more comfortable we shall be content.—'Christian Globe.'

Ferns as House Plants.

A well-grown, thrifty fern makes a beautiful house plant, but delicate and tender kinds are not suited for parlor or sitting room. One great advantage of ferns as house plants is that they do not require—in fact, do not like—much direct sunshine, although they do require plenty of light. The majority of ferns thrive best in a compost of turf loam, old leaf soil and loam, and some sharp sand. Gross-growing ferns are benefited by a little manure. If sufficient drainage is given they can hardly be over-watered; but the most important requirement of ferns is to have them sprayed overhead two or three times a week.

Get Rid of the Blues.

If you don't feel cheerful, stand in front of your mirror and look so, at least. Smile, and your mood will involuntarily change. Frowning uses up valuable energy.

Cheerfulness is a good habit, just as worry is a bad habit. You can cultivate one just as easily as you can cultivate the other.

When you get where you can laugh at an unpleasant experience the sting has gone from it. Cultivate the habit of looking at the bright side of things.

I was reading the other day of an interview of a girl with her physician. She was telling him in a tragic manner of a nervous paroxysm which she had had. She had rushed to her closet, banged the door, and then jumped up and down, shrieking wildly.

The doctor's eyes twinkled as he said to her: 'My dear girl, what a pity that you don't possess a keener sense o humor. It is a wonderful help in this daily life of ours. If you had trained yourself to see the ludicrous side of things, by the time you had jumped your second jump into the closet, you would have been so amused at the contortions you were going through that your nervousness would have passed away as suddenly as it came; for the hearty laugh that you would have had at your own ridiculous appearance would have broken the nervous tension and brought you relief from your overwrought condition.'

The author of 'Crankisms' says: 'Laugh and the world laughs with you; weep, and the world laughs at you.' A hearty laugh acts like magic. Its vibrations seem to force new life into the very springs of our being.

It is an accepted fact that cheerfulness and pleasurable emotions, have a happy influence on the process of digestion. On the contrary, worry, anxiety, fright, or extreme excitement of various kinds have a depressing effect on digestion, not only in the stomach, but also in the intestines. There seems to be disturbance both of the circulatory and nervous system. Nervous dyspepsia and loss of weight often follow prolonged anxiety.

As a wise man says: 'If you have not slept, or if you have slept, or if you have headache, or sciatica, or leprosy, or thunderstroke, I beseech you, to hold your peace and not pollute the morning, to which all the housemates bring serene and pleasant thoughts, by corruptions and groans.'

I once knew a woman who, on every bright Monday morning, worried for fear that the next Monday morning would be stormy, and that the laundress would be obliged to dry the clothes in the attic!

Worry is 'inability to withdraw attention from unpleasantness.' Worry is a vice. You can overcome it if you will. Things that trouble you at night will not trouble you after eight hours of refreshing sleep. Distract your attention from unpleasant thoughts.—'N. C. Advocate.'

Simple Trust.

I do not know why sin abounds
  Within this world so fair,
Why numerous discordant sounds
  Destroy the heavenly air—
I can't explain this thing, I must
Rely on God in simple trust.

I do not know why pain and loss
  Oft fall unto my lot,
Why I must bear the heavy cross
  When I desire it not—
I do not know, unless 'tis just
To teach my soul in God to trust.

I do not know why grief's dark cloud
  Bedims my sunny sky,
The tear of bitterness allowed
  To swell within my eye—
But, sorrow stricken to the dust,
I will look up to God and trust.

—R. F. Mayer.

It may be the work of the secular schools to prepare children to make a living, but it is ours to inspire them to make a life.—'Dager.'

Lamp Chimneys.

The easiest and best way of toughening glass and making it more durable is as follows: Place it in a tin pail (for protection) and immerse it in the reservoir of your cook stove, in the morning when the water is cold. Let it remain throughout the entire day and the following night, during which it will cool slowly. Do this when you are to have a fire all day. The reservoir should be full in the morning, and it will not need replenishing.—New York 'Observer.'

The 'Messenger' Pattern Service.

Owing to some difficulty, the company of whom we have been getting our patterns, have not been able to keep up with our steadily increasing demand; we must, therefore, request that no more patterns be ordered till further notice. Meantime, anyone that cannot wait, may drop us a card, and we will refund their pattern remittance if desired.

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Positively cured by these Little Pills.

They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side, TORPID LIVER. They regulate the Bowels. Purely Vegetable.

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REFUSE SUBSTITUTES.

A Place for the Boys.

What can a boy do, and where can a boy stay?
If he is always told to get out of the way?
He cannot sit here, and he must not stand there.
The cushions that cover that fine rocking-chair
Were put there, of course, to be seen and admired.
A boy has no business to ever be tired.
The beautiful roses that bloom
On the floor of the darkened and delicate room
Are not made to walk on—at least not by boys.
The house is no place, anyway, for their noise.
A place for the boys, dear mother, I pray
As cares settle down round our short earthly way.
Don't let us forget by our kind, loving deeds
To show we remember their pleasure and needs.
Though our souls may be vexed with problems of life
And worn with besetments and toiling and strife,
Our hearts will keep younger—your tired heart and mine—
If we give them a place in the innermost shrine,
And to life's latest hour 'twill be one of our joys
That we keep a small corner, a place for the boys.

—Boston 'Transcript.'

Selected Recipes.

CELERY JELLY.—Stew a head of celery, cut into small pieces, in a quart of water with a leek, a carrot and a sprig of parsley. When the celery is quite soft strain through a sieve and add sufficient gelatin melted in cold water to set. Pour into a fluted mold. Decorate with lettuce leaves and French dressing, and sprinkle some broken walnuts among the leaves.

CURRANT JELLY.—Put six pounds of currants in a saucepan and place the saucepan in a larger one of boiling water. Cook slowly two hours, or till the fruit is broken and the juice flows freely, put a square piece of flannel over a colander and a bowl underneath; pour in the currants, drain and press out all the juice. Allow for every pint one pound of sugar; place the currant juice over the fire and boil twenty minutes; add the sugar and boil till a drop on a plate will retain the shape of a bead, which will take only a few minutes. Remove and fill in jars; cover when cold.

MARMALADE OF APRICOTS WITH APPLES.—Select two quarts of tart apples, wash and cut them, without peeling, into small pieces, place them in a saucepan over the fire, add sufficient water to reach half-way up the apples, cover and cook till soft, then rub them through a sieve; place also two quarts peeled and fine-cut apricots in saucepan, add one-half cupful water and boil ten minutes, then add the apple pulp and boil both together twenty minutes, then measure. Add to each pint of fruit one pint of sugar, stir and boil till a drop on a plate will retain the shape of a bead.

ONION SOUP.—Peel two good-sized onions, cut them in halves and then cross-wise in thin shreds; blanch in boiling water for five minutes to remove their acrid flavor. Put in stewpan with one and a half ounces of butter; stir over a brisk fire, and when the onions become of a light brown color, add a tablespoonful of flour, say one ounce; keep on the fire for two minutes longer. Add a quart of broth, two pinches of salt, and two small ores of pepper, stir till boiling. Simmer for five minutes on the stove corner; taste it. Put in the soup tureen two ounces of sliced dried roll and one ounce of butter; pour in the soup, stirring gently with spoon to dissolve the butter. Serve.

OX-TAIL SOUP.—Cut the ox-tails, separating them at the joints. Put two tablespoonfuls of dripping or salt pork fat in the frying pan; slice one onion; saute it with the ox-tail in the fat to a delicate brown; lift the meat to the soup kettle with two quarts of cold water; cover the kettle and let it come to the boiling point; add one stalk of celery, one root of parsley, four cloves, four pepper corns and one tablespoonful of salt; let cook slowly four hours; strain it and remove the grease. Heat again to boiling and serve one piece of ox-tail with each portion. Ox-tails make a smooth soup.

COOKING MACARONI.—Americans, like Italians, seem to know only one method to serve macaroni. This is to prepare it with cheese, and perhaps a seasoning of tomato. There are, however, a dozen combinations of macaroni and various ingredients which are very good. To escallop macaroni and oysters together in alternate layers with plenty of seasoning is to have a delicious and substantial dish for luncheon. Tomatoes seasoned and strained also make a fine escallop with macaroni, especially if a layer of grated cheese be spread on top of the dish, and it is well browned just before serving.

Religious Notes.

Democratic ideas are fast spreading, even in the Orient. The Catholicos, the head of the Armenian church, has sent out a bull giving the church a constitution, and committing the conduct of church affairs henceforward to a general assembly of delegates to be elected by all the members over 21 years of age. Most remarkable of all, when he was asked if this included women, he issued a second bull declaring that the women might not only elect the delegates, but might also be elected delegates themselvs. The Armenian church is a very ancient Oriental church; in its ceremonies about half way between the Greek church and our High Church Episcopalians. Since the early days of the Christian era it has had to suffer severe persecution, in old times from the Persians, who sought to force the Armenians to give up Christianity for fire-worship; and in later years from the Mahometans. Great pressure has also been brought to bear on the Armenians at different times to make them conform either to the Greek or the Roman Catholic church, but they have clung tenaciously to their own form of worship. Educated Armenians boast that much more respect is paid to women among them than among other Oriental nations; and the Armenian women, notwithstanding their greater freedom, are famous throughout the East for their chastity.

A glorious revival in the inerior of China is described by J. R. Adam, in 'China's Millions.' He says:

'What a great and blessed time we had at Ko Pu! I never saw such a gathering of Maio before. Thousands of these people gathered together. Oh, that you could have heard their hymn-singing and their praying! Truly the Holy Ghost has been poured upon these people! About five hundred were desirous of baptism. We selected, examined and baptized one hundred and eighty men and women. Two hundred and forty-nine sat down to the Lord's Supper. What a glorious scene! It is the Lord's doing, and it is marvellous in our eyes.'

There are to-day 849 missionaries working in the Yellow Kingdom in connection with the China Inland Mission. Since the commencement of the society, 21,648 persons have been snatched from the darkness of heathenism to serve God.

A second grant of 5,000 rupees has been made by the government toward the new Y. M. C. A. building at Rangoon, India, in recognition of the work done by the institution in behalf of the young men of the city. This makes a total of 13,000 rupees granted by the government.

A striking proof of the increasing grip which the idea of missions has taken upon the popular mind is the readiness of newspapers and magazines generally to accept articles dealing with missionary problems and effort. The September number of the 'Century' contains two such articles, while the 'Atlantic Monthly' for September prints perhaps the most fair and satisfactory enterpirse in China which we have seen from the hand of a non-missionary.

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All business communications should be addressed 'John Dougall & Son,' and all letters to the editor should be addressed Editor of the 'Northern Messenger.'

The adjoining telegram tells its own story. We need only add that Mr. Lawson refused to handle the 'Canadian Pictorial'—that was before he saw the paper. We induced him to try some and sent him 200 copies. They went so well he ordered 500 next time, and now he is ordering 1000 and thinks he will require more.

Many other energetic agents are increasing their orders in like ratio, and the way the boys are selling it is great. 'SEEING IS BELIEVING' and hundreds of boys—yes, and a good many girls too are selling the 'Canadian Pictorial' on its merits to their friends and neighbors, and 'IT SELLS AT SIGHT.' But just read what they say elsewhere in this issue.

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H. P. DWIGHT, President. HEAD OFFICE: TORONTO. I. McMICHAEL, Vice-President and General Manager.

Toronto, Ont., —06.

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My forty page illustrated catalogue of special prices for the public on magazines is ready. Do you want one.

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Magazine Specialist,
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Christmas Number of the Canadian Pictorial

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Those receiving the Christmas Number of the 'Canadian Pictorial' to be issued on December 1st will certainly be most agreeably surprised.

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The machinery used to turn out the 'Canadian Pictorial' is already over-taxed to satisfy the unprecedented demand, and plans are already on foot to increase both machines and staff so that this brilliant magazine may, by improvements of one kind or another keep pace with its rapid growth.

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The December issue will be the Christmas number, and it will be issued Dec. 1st.

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To make sure of getting a copy of the Christmas number, subscriptions and orders should be sent in promptly. Letters from boys all over the Dominion ordering quantities to retail are being received in large numbers and by every post, and the above telegram, shows how anxious one of the larger dealers is to secure enough for his rapidly increasing number of customers for the 'Canadian Pictorial.'

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